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JULY 13, 1970

TIME

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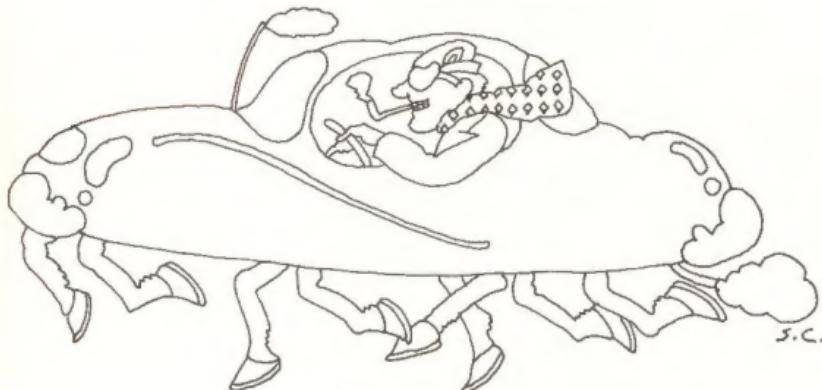
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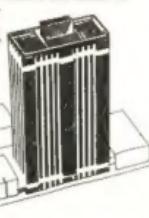
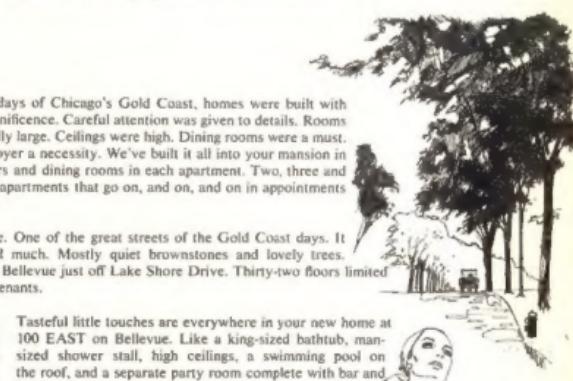
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LETTERS

Say It Ain't So

Sir: I don't believe it! You mean to tell me that Tommy the Traveler [June 22] was a pig? I remember in April when he came to Keuka. We were having an anti-Administration sit-in in the hallway outside the President's office. He popped up, said he was from S.D.S., and showed us a film right there in the hall about the Berkeley riots. We acknowledged the presence of this outsider probably because he was cute and Keuka's an all-girls school! He kept saying that we'd never get our list of demands met if we didn't use violence. He was probably right, but being girls, we were scared of flying bricks and burning buildings. If there had been more guys on campus he could easily have started a riot at Keuka. Instead, the only thing that happened was that he upset several girls by the movie, and he broke a table in the hallway when he sat on it. What will the cops do next to make us not trust them?

SUSAN JEWELL

Averill Park, N.Y.

Sir: I believe that there is a point concerning the Hobart College incidents in Geneva, N.Y., that was not mentioned in your article about "Tommy the Traveler."

Following the "on-campus marijuana bust" that you report, several groups of Hobart College students exiled from their dorms and captured a police car and police officers who were involved in arresting several students found to be in possession of marijuana. The police and students then came to a mutual agreement whereby the arrested students would be allowed to go free if the police car and po-

lice officers were returned. The exchange of prisoners took place, and peace returned to Geneva.

There are many people in Geneva who are not students at Hobart College, but individuals known as residents, taxpayers, voters, etc. As a person raised in Geneva, I was taught by its schools and in our home that capturing police cars and police officers were no-nos and that there were things called laws against that sort of thing. I wonder how many of the some 17,000 people who choose to make their home in Geneva wonder if there isn't a separate group of laws applying to Hobart College?

RICHARD MASON

White Plains, N.Y.

The Students' Need

Sir: Thank you for "Thoughts on a Troubled El Dorado" [June 22]. I am a 17-year-old girl graduating from high school today with a peace symbol on my cap. I appreciate the opportunity you have provided for those mentally distant masses labeled the "Silent Majority" to catch some glimmer of understanding into the puzzle of my fellow protesters and students. The political and social extremists in America today may never be able to accept or condone each other's actions, but they must begin to listen and try at least to understand. Hopefully, listening will eventually lead to a desire on the part of the majority—as well as on the part of the minority—to correct injustices and change traditions, thus eliminating the need for a student like me, who has campaigned within the system and demonstrated peacefully, to turn to destruction of property, rock throwing and animalistic violence out of sheer frustration and despair.

SHERRILL COHEN

Los Angeles

Sir: "Thoughts on a Troubled El Dorado" slightly consideration of the following:

Most of those who carry the torch of the moment are neither zealots nor political activists. They are people who are bored with routine lives. They would accept success within the system if they could be instant captains, but they cannot face the prospect of spending decades in preparing to do and doing the things which apparently are necessary to make a technical-industrial system fruitful. They are satisfied to consume rather than to produce. Their egos would suffer if they acknowledged this role, so they accept parts in passing causes.

My role in life involves listening to a very large number of those who do not get along within the structure of this civilization. It may be that one out of 50 has a long-range objective and is really trying to push society in a direction he thinks proper. The other 49 are roofing off for purely personal reasons. Whether they get caught in a left-wing or a right-wing movement is purely accident.

SAMUEL W. GARDNER
San Rafael, Calif.

Treatment of Massacres

Sir: Your short, offhand treatment of the Communist massacre of civilians at *Thang My* [June 22] only confirms Vice President Agnew's assessment of this continent's press. Remember when the news media sensationalized unproven American atrocities at *My Lai*? But when the Com-

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Are drug users more to be pitied than censured, or is it a pity they're not censured more?



Should all drugs be legalized and the users treated with sympathy instead of sentences?

Many Americans think that drug addiction is a medical rather than a criminal problem. To be dealt with by physicians, not police. With drugs and treatment equally and legally available under government supervision.

This would destroy the profit-motive in illegal drug traffic, take drug distribution out of the "pusher's" hands, and eliminate crimes that stem from the need to get drugs.

But others argue that making drugs legal would undermine the moral objection to their use, especially among youth. And would destroy the only real deterrent to drug abuse and to frivolous experimentation with drugs which may

themselves not be habit-forming, but can lead to the use of stronger drugs that are. They want stricter laws, more rigid enforcement, tougher punishment against indiscriminate use of drugs.

Either way, it's a decision for government to make, based on the opinions and desires of the people it represents. So it's important for you to have an opinion — and to put it in writing and send it to your federal, state and local officials.

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communists wantonly murder women and children as part of their terrorism is reported as just another incident of the war.

And what of our idealistic, "concerned" youth? Do we see them demonstrating and protesting against the inhumanities perpetrated by the Viet Cong as they "liberate" Southeast Asia? No, sir, they are much too busy learning revolutionary rhetoric, burning tax-built and supported universities and finding fault with America's defense of democracy.

DENNIS H. MARTIN

Scarborough, Ont.

Raindrops Keep Falling

Sir: I am amazed at your shortsightedness concerning the environmental problem of electric power [June 22]. You state at only one point that the reason for the problem is the consumer's desire for unnecessary labor-saving luxuries.

Umbrellas don't stop rainstorms; neither will a conversion from aluminum to tin or pitiful stopgap measures like turning off unneeded lights eliminate the pollution resulting from power plants and the electricity shortage. Only a lessening of American "thing consciousness" and a change in our concept that less work means better living can free us from the encroaching oppression of an unbalanced ecology.

CAROLEE WILLIAMSON

Pelham Manor, N.Y.

Wolfe of the Door

Sir: Tom Wolfe is notably apolitical and uninvolved [June 15]. He makes his career as a parasite on the body of his "Beautiful People." We could afford and be amused by Wolfe's flip, deft, 1960s-vintage "pop" sociology when he was writing about Ethel Scull's parties for Andy Warhol in the 1960s. But the 1970s are a critical time for our country, and many of the people whom Wolfe chased after in the 1960s have become committed in the 1970s. Wolfe is so out of touch that he doesn't realize this—or doesn't care, as long as he can make a buck.

The "party" at the Bernsteins' may have been naively conceived and arranged. But those who attended came in an effort to listen and to help the Black Panthers—in they would help any group—to secure the due process of law to which they are entitled. They were trying to open a dialogue with an almost totally alienated segment of the community.

Had it not been for flyweight parasites like Wolfe, they might have succeeded.

RICHARD L. FEIGEN

Manhattan

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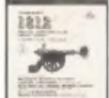
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 13, 1970 Vol. 96 No. 2

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Remember the "Forgotten"

God may love the common people but unfortunately a sizable segment of the nation's population has been feeling exceptionally common and dangerously unloved. Last week the White House studied a confidential Government report on the discontent, disappointment and disaffection of the large and potentially volatile lower middle class.

The report, written by Assistant Labor Secretary Jerome Rosow, notes that 40% of American families, comprising 70 million family members, have incomes of between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year. That is hardly a new or eyebrow-raising perception, but the analysis points out that these "forgotten Americans"—many of them ethnics and blue-collar workers—feel beleaguered by crime, welfare, inflation and Government inattention. The squeeze is not only economic but social: the mystique of the nobility and value of labor is all but gone.

To begin retrieving the lower middle class from its alienation—a feeling that might, coincidentally, prompt many of them to follow a George Wallace in 1972—the report recommends an eleven-point program of tax relief, job retraining and adult education. To restore some of the laborer's lost mythos, it suggests that the Government might even issue postage stamps honoring various trades. The Administration denies that it will make any calculated appeal to hardhat militancy, insisting that the re-

port "deals with all people in a certain economic status, regardless of race." But it is not lost on the White House that winning the hearts and votes of white workingmen and women will require more than a program of "benign neglect."

Stamps Out

There was a time when they were as ubiquitous as victory gardens, rationing coupons, or the vats of bacon grease that mothers used to collect as part of the war effort. In World War II, nearly every schoolchild saved his nickels and dimes for Government Defense Savings Stamps to paste in a book toward the day when he could purchase a \$25 war bond. In the middle of the war, the nation raised as much as \$540 million a year from the stamp program.

But for several years, the volume of stamp sales—\$18 million in 1969—has barely covered the administrative expense. Many Americans under 30 hardly knew that such stamps existed. Last week the Treasury Department discontinued them.

Do-It-Yourself

In Manhattan, four F W Woolworth stores and a supermarket were firebombed one night last week with reasonably sophisticated incendiary devices ignited by acid. Two days later in Washington, bombs went off at four Latin American embassies.

Such incidents, sometimes involving expertly built homemade fireworks, have prompted a measure of dubious ingenuity on the part of authorities as well. Several librarians attending a meeting of the American Library Association in Detroit complained that Treasury agents have been trying to snoop through their lending records to see who has checked out books on explosives. In March, a Detroit public-library book turned up in a Chinatown apartment where police found a cache of explosives. The police set out to discover who had checked it out, but they could not. The book had been stolen from the library.

Gay Pride

Homosexuals, as Gore Vidal has noted, are one of the last minorities in the nation about whom it is still safe to make public jokes. That may not last much longer. Increasingly, homosexuals are creating their own public para-institutions, including churches (see RE-



NIXON & NEWSMEN

LIGION). And with the proliferation of such radical groups as the Gay Liberation Front and the Gay Activists Alliance, they are taking to the streets.

Hard on the heels of Women's Liberation and the Black Power movement, hundreds of male and female homosexuals in New York and Los Angeles wound up "Gay Pride Week" with parades that displayed, in turn, an angry solidarity and outrageous camp, proving that homosexuals are capable of some assertive wit about themselves and their sexual preferences.

On Hollywood Boulevard, one gay led a fearsome white husky dog that wore a sign NOT ALL OF US WALK POODLES. Another poster proclaimed HOMOSEXUALS FOR REAGAN. Marching up Manhattan's Sixth Avenue, the phalanxes chanted: "Two-four-six-eight, gay is just as good as straight!" or "Ho-Ho-Homosexual!" With cause, the homosexuals were protesting police harassment, Mafia control of some gay bars and other injustices. Some sociologists reckon that the nation's homosexual population, open and secret, is about 4,000,000, and so the new aggressiveness has a large potential. One picket sign in the Los Angeles parade sought to point the way. BETTER BLAZING THAN LATENT.

HOMOSEXUAL MARCHER





IN LOS ANGELES



U.S. TROOPS ARRIVING IN VIET NAM FROM CAMBODIA



I LIKE HIM BECAUSE HE'S BROUGHT PEACE AND QUIET TO MY HOUSE - MY WHOLE FAMILY'S ALWAYS OUT DEMONSTRATING AGAINST H.M.

Winding Up the Cambodian Hard Sell

THE U.S. suffers these days from more than one kind of inflation. As familiar as the ballooning of wages and prices is the inflation of rhetoric, a pneumatic exercise in which the radical left and extreme right, militant blacks, the press—and, of late, the Administration of President Richard Nixon—have all indulged. Still, nothing in recent times has quite equaled the blithe language that has been employed by the White House to certify and canonize the success of the Cambodian venture.

It all rose to a crescendo last week as the last U.S. troops swept happily back into South Viet Nam. The President took to television for an unprecedented live, hour-long foreign-policy conversation with three network anchor men. He issued a 7,000-word White Paper justifying the Cambodian operation. This came atop public and private hard sells by Vice President Spiro Agnew and other White House and Cabinet officials. Among their efforts was a four-hour briefing of television executives and publishers that produced a 49-page transcript.

Despite the lavish expenditure of Administration rhetoric, the U.S. Senate poked the President by passing the Cooper-Church amendment, which, though watered down, nonetheless served clear warning that Nixon should not feel free to embark on another Cambodia. Moreover, the news from Phnom Penh was that the Communists were enlarging their hold on portions of the embattled country (see *THE WORLD*). And despite Nixon's appointment of Veteran Diplomat David K.E. Bruce to head the U.S. delegation to the Paris peace talks with Hanoi, there was little indication that North Viet Nam was willing to begin fruitful negotiations.

Cooling It. Such misuses were not allowed to mar the fact of the President's extraordinary appearance on television. To sit down with Eric Sevareid of CBS, John Chancellor of NBC and Howard K. Smith of ABC, and plumb

the intricacies of foreign policy for an hour, bespoke presidential confidence—and courage. No tape editor could erase a presidential slip that might occur on the special set at a KABC studio in Hollywood, where the temperature had been lowered on request to 59° before air time. When the red lights of the TV cameras winked on, the President was cool, collected and relaxed.

He began by announcing the Bruce appointment, then accepted questions. Had he got any signal from Hanoi that the Communists were more willing to talk? No direct signals, but third-party indications were that they wanted to see a top U.S. negotiator named. Will Bruce have anything new to offer? Well let's review what we have already offered. Would Nixon categorically assert that he would never send U.S. troops back into Cambodia? The U.S. has no plans to send the troops back in, but he would not say that he would never do so under any circumstances.

Unfashionable Phrases. So went the parties and thrusts, the President displaying anew his ability to retain detail, his satisfaction in intercepting a debater's point, his grasp of the theorems of foreign policy discourse. Yet the conversational format seemed nonetheless ill-suited to the Nixon style and personality, which fit more easily into the brisk, orderly one-shot answer of the mass press conference.

Forced to give longer, expository answers, the President appeared at times to be uncertain, contradictory and defensive. He managed to discuss foreign policy for an hour without offering one original or fresh formulation of U.S. aims. Instead, he fell back on the cold war rhetoric of domino theories and the desire to check Communist expansion—phrases that even he conceded are no longer fashionable. He seemed petty in his attack on a foreign policy critic, former Under Secretary of State George Ball, claiming that Ball had not opposed U.S. involvement in Viet Nam

in the Kennedy Administration. Actually, Ball strongly counseled Kennedy against sending even U.S. advisers there in an effort to show his mastery. Nixon never once admitted that perhaps there were no ready answers to some of the hard world questions—an admission that would have added a grace note of credibility to his performance.

The President also claimed that if the U.S. were to leave Viet Nam "in a way that we are humiliated or defeated," it would be "ominously encouraging to the leaders of Communist China and the Soviet Union, especially in their expansionist policies in other areas." He implied that the survival of the non-Communist Lon Nol government in Cambodia is now an important, though limited aim of U.S. foreign policy.

When asked why he did not consult the Congress on his controversial Cambodia decision, Nixon cited the need to move swiftly, invoking President Kennedy's handling of the Cuban missile crisis. Few analogies could be less apt. The whole sluggish war in Indochina is a military world apart from a nuclear showdown. A likelier explanation for the President's unwillingness to consult Congress was the near certainty that the legislators would not buy the idea.

Convincing Claims. The President was more effective in his White Paper, which listed the accomplishments of the Cambodia operation. He claimed convincingly that U.S. and South Vietnamese troops had 1) conducted an effective military operation, 2) captured or destroyed a substantial amount of enemy supplies, 3) diminished any immediate threat of a major enemy assault on the Saigon area from sanctuaries in Cambodia and 4) complicated Hanoi's problem of resupplying its troops. All this was done with fewer U.S. casualties than expected and with the most impressive show of competence yet demonstrated by the South Vietnamese forces.

These were no small achievements, although they hardly justified Nixon's

overblown comparisons of the Cambodian invasion with D-day or Stalingrad. The President also claimed, with far less credibility, that the operation had shortened the war, guaranteed U.S. adherence to his announced troop-withdrawal schedules, proved the viability of the Vietnamization program and speeded the work of pacification in South Viet Nam. Those achievements cannot yet be substantiated. Moreover, until the U.S. opened its drive last April 30, officials had not portrayed either Vietnamization or the withdrawal schedules as severely threatened by Communist troops in Cambodia.

The President refused to see any kind of rebuke in the Senate's approval of the Cooper-Church amendment. Indeed, the language of the amendment had been muddled by modifications added in order to make its legal impact dubious even if it is accepted by a House-Senate conference committee, which must act on it next. Passed by an easy 58-to-37 margin, the amendment tries to

tie the President's hands so as to avoid any repetition of a Cambodia venture by denying him the use of federal funds to 1) retain U.S. forces in Cambodia; 2) send military advisers and instructors there; 3) provide direct air support of Cambodian troops, or 4) hire anyone to "engage in any combat activity in support of Cambodian forces."

Peace Must Come. The most substantive news in all of the President's words was that the Administration now intends to place new emphasis upon the use of diplomatic rather than military leverage to end the war. As the President stated the situation: "There is no military solution to this conflict. Sooner or later, peace must come. It can come now, through a negotiated settlement that is fair to both sides and humiliates neither. Or it can come months or years from now, with both sides having paid the further price of protracted struggle." There perhaps could be no better man to carpet such a settlement than Ambassador Bruce.

The President as Commander in Chief

If Richard Nixon has relied upon any single rationale for the U.S. invasion of Cambodia, it has been the necessity of protecting the lives and safety of American troops in Viet Nam. He emphasized the point firmly in his April 30 speech announcing the invasion. In his TV conversation last week, he mentioned it repeatedly, even invoking it as justification for the continuing American presence in South Viet Nam. "The President of the U.S.," he said, "has the constitutional right—not only the right but the responsibility—to use his powers to protect American forces when they are engaged in military actions. I have that power and I'm exercising that power. The legal justification is the right of the President of the United States under the Constitution to protect the lives of American men."

That is an effective emotional appeal; who, after all, could quarrel with the goal of protecting the lives of young Americans? Moreover, the President's legal right to go into Cambodia can be roundly defended. However, the idea that protecting American troops in the field automatically justifies other actions—which may be questionable on their own merits—is a disturbing doctrine. Nixon has used it often and pursued it assiduously. He appears to be saying: it does not matter how or for what reason, faulty or otherwise, the troops got there in the first place. Now that they are there, protecting them becomes in itself a basis of new policy, the justification for almost any other actions the President may wish to take in the war. By going into Cambodia, Nixon explained on April 30, he was acting to save the lives of "our brave men fighting tonight halfway around the

world"—an aim that has not been literally realized, since 339 Americans died in the Cambodian venture. If saving lives is the ultimate end of his policy, then sheer logic would decree that the best way to do it would be to bring every American soldier home from Viet Nam at once.

Nixon's conception is also disturbing because it becomes highly dangerous if pursued to its logical end. Had Harry Truman chosen to apply the Nixon principle in Korea, for example, there would have been no reason for the U.S. to hold back from bombing or even invading Communist China in order to protect American troops from the attacking Chinese. To follow the argument further to its admittedly absurd conclusion, why not attack Russia and China, suppliers of the weapons and ammunition that kill U.S. soldiers in Viet Nam? Or invade North Viet Nam, provider of the men who use those weapons? The point is not that the President would seriously consider doing any of these things, but that policies, once launched, can acquire an inexorable legitimacy of their own.

When Nixon speaks of his duty to protect troops in the field, he usually couples it with emphasis upon his role and responsibilities as Commander in Chief of the armed forces. Of course, he is far from the first to emphasize the license implicit in the role of Commander in Chief. Invoking its powers to justify the use of U.S. troops in the absence of a declaration of war has been a resort of Presidents almost since the Republic began. But the device has become increasingly popular since World War II. Harry Truman made use of it

New Man in Paris

Though he seems born to diplomacy, David K. Bruce's initiation was not promising. Following World War I, he worked as a diplomatic courier. His assignment was to deliver a baby grand piano to a Y.M.C.A. club in Istanbul. En route, the piano was stolen and never reached its destination. Discouraged, Bruce temporarily abandoned any thoughts of a foreign-service career and returned home to enter law school.

That setback was almost the last in a distinguished career. The stylish, handsome Bruce, now 72, has all his life moved gracefully through decision-making circles, gravitating easily to positions of power. A natural arbiter, he remains polite and analytical on the most controversial of subjects. These characteristics have served him well. When he retired last year, after nearly a decade as U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's—the longest anyone had held the post—he was the country's se-

to send U.S. forces into Korea in 1950. Dwight Eisenhower dispatched the Marines into Lebanon under it in 1958. Lyndon Johnson employed it to invade the Dominican Republic—and to expand the U.S. presence in Viet Nam.

As a result, the role of Commander in Chief has very nearly become a doctrine distinct from the other powers of the presidency. Many scholars contend that the Commander in Chief was never meant to have so broad a charter. The drafters of the Constitution gave the President that title to ensure civilian control over the military, and to allow him to respond immediately to a sudden, direct attack upon the U.S. Any protracted conflict was to be authorized by a congressional declaration of war.

Lyndon Johnson never sought a declaration of war against North Viet Nam, possibly because to do so might have provoked Peking and Moscow to respond in kind against South Viet Nam. Instead, after what was widely publicized as an attack on two U.S. destroyers by a group of North Vietnamese torpedo boats in 1964, he sought and got from Congress the Tonkin Gulf resolution, which gave him carte blanche to use U.S. forces however he chose in Viet Nam. The Senate voted two weeks ago to repeal the Tonkin Gulf resolution, but the Nixon Administration had never relied on it anyway. By depending so heavily on his role as Commander in Chief, the President has committed himself to a new rationale for his actions in Indochina—a rationale that simultaneously says too little and too much. The imprecision implies, rightly or wrongly, an uncertainty of purpose that could return to trouble his future choices in Viet Nam.



AMBASSADOR DAVID BRUCE

The setback was almost the last

nior ambassador and the only one ever to have headed America's three leading embassies in Western Europe—London, Bonn and Paris. President Kennedy considered him for Secretary of State, passing him over only because of his age (he was then 62) in favor of Dean Rusk, who was 51.

The son of a former U.S. Senator from Maryland and brother of a one-time U.S. Ambassador to Argentina, Bruce came by his diplomatic leanings naturally. During World War I, he spurned the socially acceptable officer's commission and enlisted in the Army. He served in the artillery ranks in France, where he earned his officer's epaulettes. Following law school, he entered law practice in Maryland, then spent most of the next twelve years in private life.

But the lure of international diplomacy was never far away. World War II drew him to London as an American Red Cross representative, and later as a director in the Office of Strategic Services. In 1947, President Truman appointed him Assistant Secretary of Commerce. He has since served the Government in various roles, including Under Secretary of State head of the Marshall Plan mission to France, and special representative to the European Coal and Steel Communities.

Bruce has been twice married and is the father of four children. He personifies the careful diplomat. A Democrat, he successfully served under four Presidents. When he retired last year, a group of the nation's most prestigious foreign policy practitioners gave him an elaborate luncheon. He sat through the customary paens, never raising an eyebrow or twitching a facial muscle. It was a show of the kind of reserve that led Nixon to pick Bruce as chief negotiator at the Paris peace talks.

Gathering in Praise of America

It was a festival of flags and fireworks, of fun and fundamental verities—an effort to rise above the divided press by a conscious return to the litany and liturgy of the American past. By the thousands, Americans responded to the invitation to an old-fashioned U.S. birthday, trooping to the center of Washington carrying their miniature Old Glories and their campstools, their sandwiches and their thermos bottles. They gathered in front of the Lincoln Memorial, where so many others have assembled in protest to bear witness that it was their country too, a country more right than wrong. Inevitably, a few hundred protesters came as well, but they did not succeed in marring the simplicity of Honor America Day.

The ceremonies began in steamy, 90° sunshine with a religious service on the steps beneath Lincoln's massive statue. Some 25,000 people filled the calm and lovely setting below the steps and around the Reflecting Pool. Pat Boone sang the national anthem, Frank Borman gave a prayer, Kate Smith sang *God Bless America*. The speaker was Billy Graham, who called the nation to God and pleaded that it "stop the polarization before it is too late." At appropriate moments, or just for the fun of it, the children in the crowd waved their flags.

Wholesome Mélange. Some adults in the gathering carried placards: GOD, GLORY AND GUNPOWDER MAINTAINS LIBERTY AND AMERICA WILL SURVIVE TRAITORS, TRASH AND PANTWAIST POLITICIANS. Behind them, some 300 youthful protesters waded into the Reflecting Pool with shouted slogans, mostly obscene of their own. For the most part the audience took their antics cheerfully. When

police headed off some dissenters making for the speaker's stand, the crowd cheered, leading one protester to say "My God, they would like to see my head cracked." Nononsense, retorted a bystander. "Just your mouth shut."

Then came a procession to the Ellipse, where letters had been marked out in white sand on the grass. Thousands planted more small flags in the sand until they waved like poppies, spelling U.S.A.

The evening belonged to Bob Hope, his one-liners, and his entertainers, a wholesome mélange drawn from the golden age of radio and present pop Jack Benny played his violin, Red Skelton clowned, Dinah Shore, Dorothy Lamour, Miss Black America, and Glen Campbell sang. The crowd was fat larger the time, perhaps 350,000, and dissenters were in an uglier mood, hurling bottles and rocks at police and the fringe of the crowd. Fred Waring led everyone into a finale of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* as the sky erupted in fireworks over the Potomac. Two Americans who came to Honor America were Dorothy Hill and Hazel Gay from Memphis. Said Mrs. Gay: "We were there early to hear Dr. Graham. It nearly broke me up. I could feel victory like we all felt victory and a united feeling at the end of World War II. Remember? I felt a spiritual uplift. When they raised that big flag I got goose bumps."

Bipartisan Support. The announced purpose of the celebration's sponsors—to "rekindle" the spirit of patriotism and respect for individual rights and to demonstrate love of country while conceding its problems—seemed hardly one to call forth controversy. Yet controversy there was, despite the ban on



YOUNGSTERS PLANTING FLAGS ON THE ELLIPSE.
To bear witness to a country more right than wrong.

speechmaking and the roster of bipartisan political figures and national leaders, including Hubert Humphrey, Senator Hugh Scott and Senator George McGovern, who lent their names to the day. On the right, the Rev. Carl McIntire denounced the ceremonies as a Hollywood-style ballyhoo dishonoring America's Viet Nam dead. From the satirical left came several "demands" that were politely shrugged off by the sponsors equal time for Poet Allen Ginsberg to appear with Graham in the religious service, a Washington Monument painted in washable psychedelic colors. The left had more serious requests as well. A radical group, headed by Rennie Davis, one of the Chicago Seven defendants, wanted runners heading from Kent State in Ohio, and Atlanta, Ga., where students and blacks were slain, to match the flag-bearing runners heading to Washington from Philadelphia, Valley Forge and Williamsburg, Va., as part of the celebration. From the Rev. Douglas Moore, leader of Washington's Black United Front, came an attack on the rally as a "white racist carousel of bawdy jingonism."

Fighting the Enemy. The committee leaders themselves have close ties to President Nixon. Graham is a personal friend, and it was during his recent Knoxville, Tenn., crusade that Nixon made one of the few public speeches of his presidency. The rally's executive chairman was Hotelman J. Willard Marriott, also a close friend, who arranged Nixon's inaugural ceremonies and who employs Nixon's brother, Donald, as a vice president of the Marriott Corp. Marriott, in a press conference held before the rally, returned often, if indirectly, to the country's inner divisions and the war. "We shouldn't be fighting each other," he said, "we should be fighting the enemy." Graham himself insisted, "This is not a prowar rally, or an antiwar rally. If it became a pro- or antiwar rally, I'd pull out. I've never taken a stand on the war. This is not a political event. Let's sing a little, let's wave the flag, let's rejoice in all that's best in our country. We know America has its faults. But there are good things about America. It has not gone to the dogs. Let's be happy on our birthday." Still, the event occurred in the context of deep national division over those faults. There were those who felt that an issue-free day of national togetherness and praise for the flag was only a ritualistic diversion from a more meaningful way of expressing love and respect of country.

The thousands who came to Washington took part in an unusual Fourth of July celebration, but across the nation more traditional observances contributed to one of the most fervent Independence Day celebrations in years. At exactly 11 a.m., whistles, bells and church carillons sounded in unison in towns and cities. In Philadelphia, the Declaration was read at Independence Hall, where it was first adopted.

Bidding To Help the Peruvians

AFTER a military coup brought Juan Velasco Alvarado to power in Peru 21 months ago, United States relations with that country almost degenerated into a cold war. Angered by what Peruvians called the "unjust enrichment" of the International Petroleum Co., Velasco seized the company's oilfields. Subsequently, Peru also took over U.S.-owned sugar lands. Only intervention by Richard Nixon stayed U.S. retaliation under the Hickenlooper Amendment, which would have imposed economic sanctions on Peru. Even so, the diplomatic climate was markedly frigid, and Peru went unabashedly seeking Russia's aid to play against its traditional ally.

Then last May catastrophe struck. One of the worst earthquakes in history annihilated several Peruvian villages

Lima, carrying 100 prefabricated houses, road-building machines, 200 beds and helicopters to be used in remote areas. On her return flight, Mrs. Nixon had hinted at this anticipated effort. "We're going to have competition in this. That's good,"

"I welcome that kind of competition." Pat Nixon flew to Peru not on behalf of the U.S. Government—which had already made substantial contributions—but as a representative of private American donors. Her trip grew out of a remark to her husband one day at Camp David. Mrs. Nixon explained: "I just wish I could do something to help those people. I'd like to make a trip down," she told the President. His reply: "Why don't you?"

One week later she was on her way. Arriving in Lima, Mrs. Nixon was greet-



PAT NIXON GREETED BY QUAKE VICTIMS
First such mission ever.

and towns, killing 50,000 people and leaving other thousands homeless. Aid poured in from sympathetic countries, among them France, Spain and Yugoslavia. Cuba's Fidel Castro flamboyantly donated a pint of his blood. Last week Pat Nixon flew south for a two-day visit to the disaster areas, the first such foreign mission ever undertaken by a First Lady. Air Force One, which carried her there, was piled high with gifts for the Peruvians. A second plane was even more loaded.

Kitchen Choir. That was too much for the Russians, who had thus far contributed very little to Peru. They were still smarting from Rumania's tart observation that, in the wake of floods in their Communist country, the U.S. had contributed more help than fraternal Russia. Three days after Mrs. Nixon left Peru, giant Antonov An-22 cargo ships began winging from Moscow to

ed by Mrs. Consuelo Velasco and 6,000 people. The following morning, sitting beside the co-pilot in a chrome and plastic chair without a seat belt, she headed for the mountains in a C-130 transport plane. "It was the first time I'd ever taken off in a kitchen chair," she laughed. The nine tons of donated supplies included blankets, roofing, tools and even a custom-tailored dinner jacket. Some of these she saw already piled along the dirt airstrip when she landed at the town of Anta.

Here Mrs. Nixon switched to the President's helicopter, Marine Corps One, to survey the damaged area. In the chopper, she hovered over tents arrayed below. In the background was the mighty Huascarán mountain, 22,000 feet high, from which the avalanche of ice and debris shaken loose by the quake had descended upon the villages. Observing the remnants of the town of Yungay,

Mrs. Nixon said "The mud is beginning to recede now. Eventually they will find the bodies. It is so sad."

Rosy Again. At Huancayo, she landed on a soccer field, toured the town and visited three relief operations. Everywhere she went, she was presented with flowers picked by Peruvians who had gone up into the mountains beyond the destruction to get them.

As she prepared for the return flight home, Mrs. Nixon pledged that the United States "will continue to help until everything is rosy once again." Her trip perhaps could not alter the realities of Peru-U.S. relations, but her personal gesture contrasted with the Soviets' opportunistic bid for the good will of Peru. As President Velasco observed: "To have President Nixon send his wife here means more to me than if he had sent the whole American Air Force."

RACES

Blast from a Bishop

The Nixon Administration normally takes little note of criticism by black militants, campus radicals and war dissenters. Last week, however, it appeared severely stung when the annual convention of the moderate N.A.A.C.P. gave an ovation of cheers to a blanket denunciation of the Administration's racial policies by the organization's board chairman, Bishop Stephen G. Spotswood. The 72-year-old black leader accused the Administration of being anti-Negro and charged that it has adopted a "calculated policy to work against the needs and aspirations of the largest minority of its citizens."

Speaking in Cincinnati, Spotswood suggested that the Administration "goes along" with whites who "always manage to find some issue other than race to which they give their priority attention, the latest of which is pollution and the ecology." He listed some specific Government acts that he contended have "given encouragement to the Southern racists." Among them were the nominations of Clement Haynsworth Jr. and George Harrold Carswell to the U.S. Supreme Court, the Pat Moynihan memo suggesting a "benign neglect" of racial problems and the Administration's initial support, now reversed, of tax exemption for "white, separate private schools."

Worst Light. The White House took the unusual step of replying to the charges. The vehicle was a telegram from Presidential Consultant Leonard Garment, Nixon's chief liaison with civil rights groups. Garment termed Spotswood's attack "unfair and disheartening," and said that it "misrepresents" the Administration's record. "It is one thing to criticize, to give voice to deeply felt concerns," the telegram said. "But it is an entirely different thing to search out ways to portray the actions of this Administration in the worst possible light, to rally every fear and reinforce every anxiety. This sows distrust and makes



BISHOP SPOTSWOOD
A blanket denunciation.

our commonly agreed-on goals more difficult to achieve."

The Garment refutation listed some substantial Administration moves, including the Philadelphia Plan to open construction jobs to blacks, a proposal to spend \$1.5 billion to aid school desegregation and actual gains in Southern school desegregation. He also claimed Administration credit for the expanded Voting Rights Act that was finally passed, even though this was a far more effective bill than the one Nixon officials had proposed.

Not Aggressors. One accurate assessment of the controversy was offered by former Attorney General



NIXON AIDE GARMENT
Vigorous defense.

Ramsey Clark, who told the N.A.A.C.P. convention that he "hated to believe" that the Administration was anti-black. "It's not that they are aggressors," he said, "but rather they are do-nothingers. They are guilty of neglect, not malice." In fact, the Administration can have it both ways. Even if it is not really anti-black, the charge that it is certainly does not constitute a political ability in some parts of the U.S. On the other hand, as the Administration proved last week, it has done just enough for the blacks to be able to put up a vigorous defense when accused of having done nothing.

SUPREME COURT Year of the Pause

During the term that ended last week the United States Supreme Court had its first new Chief Justice in 16 years. Warren Burger was chosen by President Richard Nixon in the hope that he would direct the court toward a new era of judicial restraint, a pullback from the activism and controversy of the Warren Court. The outcome was just that, but it was not really Burger's doing so much as it was the U.S. Senate's. A seat on the court remained empty for virtually the entire term, the result of the Senate's rejections of Nixon nominees Clement Haynsworth and George Harrold Carswell. With only eight, and sometimes seven, justices sitting, the court sidestepped decisions on some of the most controversial cases argued before it. It was, according to Law Professor Alexander Bickel of Yale, "the year of the pause."

In the court's final actions of the term, a time in past years when it has handed down decisions on critical issues, the hesitancy to decide important cases was underscored. The court

► Deferred consideration on the controversial Charlotte, N.C., school busing case until lower courts pass judgment on the new desegregation plans of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for the school district. At issue: a district-court order requiring busing of white children into predominantly black inner-city schools to achieve meaningful desegregation.

► Postponed action on whether a draftee may claim conscientious-objector status because of specific objection to the Viet Nam War. The selective CO issue was put off when the court ruled that the case of John Sirson Jr., a recent Harvard graduate who had refused induction because he opposed the war, had been improperly appealed from a federal district court. At the same time, the court accepted two cases for next term that raise the same issue. In similar fashion earlier last month, the court decided a case challenging the constitutionality of capital punishment. The court disposed of it on a technicality.

Associate Justice Thurgood Marshall was hospitalized with pneumonia for four weeks.

but accepted two cases next term that raise the same issues.)

► Ordered rearrangement in a case involving obscenity charges against theater proprietors who show the film *I Am Curious (Yellow)*. At issue is whether the proprietors have the right to show the film to patrons even if they have been forewarned of its contents.

Warren Court Legacy. "The court moved at a slower pace and with greater care than in previous years, but it certainly did not try to tear down what the Warren Court accomplished," says Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther. The Burger Court, in fact, modestly extended the pioneering doctrines of the Warren Court in several areas. The historic thrust of the Warren Court to desegregate public schools was advanced last October when the Burger Court unanimously ordered southern school districts to desegregate "at once."

Finally in the Selective Service field, curtailing a local draft board's power to reclassify punitively those with deferments who violate Selective Service delinquency regulations, while giving young men who have moral, rather than purely religious scruples against war a basis for maintaining a conscientious-objector status. Welfare recipients were given the procedural protection of an evidentiary hearing before their payments could be cut off, but the maximum limits on welfare grants for dependent children set by the states were judged valid.

Six-man juries, rather than the traditional twelve, were approved by the court in state criminal trials. Judges were given the green light to warn, gag or expel defendants who become unruly in the courtroom. The court also found constitutional the tax-exempt status of church property, a traditional but recently challenged doctrine. Justice

Burger wrote: "By placing a premium on 'recent cases' rather than the language of the Constitution, the court makes it dangerously simple for future courts, using the technique of interpretation, to operate as a 'continuing constitutional convention.'" The Chief Justice's votes this term often with the minority, may soon be found more frequently on the majority side when his friend Justice Harry Blackmun joins the court for the full term.

Nonetheless, the court's aggressiveness under Earl Warren has been somewhat muted, and the new Chief Justice has encouraged a more relaxed atmosphere within the court. He has lengthened the lunch break from half an hour to an hour and eliminated the depressing funeral air of the justices' private dining room by hanging paintings on the bare walls. With \$200 from the court's limited budget, Burger purchased potted geraniums for the four interior courtyards of the Supreme Court Building. Though he redecorated the justices' wood-paneled conference room, he left one painting in place: a portrait of John Marshall, the first great Chief Justice and judicial activist.

INVESTIGATIONS

Frenkil and His Friends

Victor Frenkil has always enjoyed doing tricks with money. One of the Baltimore contractor's favorite stunts is to twist a dollar bill into the shape of a politician's last initial and present it to him as a gift. Frenkil's sleight of hand is not confined to parlor tricks. As contractor for the House of Representatives' underground garage, completed in 1967, he has been trying for the past four years to parlay an \$11.8 million contract into a \$16.8 million windfall. He has managed to enlist the aid of some powerful political assistants.

Somehow, though, Frenkil's magic has misfired. Disturbed by reports of his attempts to obtain Government approval of an additional \$5,000,000 in garage construction costs, a federal grand jury in Baltimore has spent the past year looking into the contractor's efforts to influence officials on his behalf. Its time has been well spent. Although thwarted in its attempts to indict Frenkil, 63, the grand jury two weeks ago scored a technical knockout in its fight against him and his friends. A judge released a summary of the grand jury's findings. The report named Frenkil and his Baltimore Contractors Inc., as defendants in a proposed indictment. It identified Louisiana Senator Russell Long as a recipient of an offer of money for his assistance and named House Majority Whip Hale Boggs as the recipient of a financial favor.

Political Persuader. The grand jury's action was as unusual as the case itself. Frenkil filed requests for additional fees from the Government, contending that the soil conditions encountered during construction were different from those



SCENE FROM "I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW)"
A hesitancy on critical issues.

—a sharp rebuke to the Nixon Administration's earlier efforts to ease desegregation pressures on the South.

The one-man, one-vote formula, presaged by the Warren Court's *Baker v. Carr*, inched forward when the court ruled that malapportioned school districts were as constitutionally intolerable as state legislatures in the same condition. Last week Chief Justice Burger, speaking for a unanimous court, held that an indigent person cannot be kept in jail beyond the maximum sentence to work off a fine that he is too poor to pay. "I can't think of a single case," said one court insider, "that would have been decided differently a year ago."

Though few of the court decisions are likely to appear in future constitutional-law textbooks as landmarks, many resolved issues of pressing importance to large sectors of the population. The court moved most dramati-

William Douglas alone argued in dissent the "strict constructionist" position that the exemption was illegal because of the First Amendment's prohibition against the establishment of a national religion.

Plotted Geronimous. Chief Justice Burger might well be satisfied with a court performance characterized as "marking time" by Professor Charles Alan Wright of the University of Texas Law School. When Burger succeeded Earl Warren as Chief Justice, he sensed a need to restore the court as a symbol of serenity and reason in a deeply troubled nation. Outside the court, the campaign to impeach Justice Douglas and the bitter Haynsworth and Carswell political battles made Burger's task all the more difficult. Internally, the new Chief Justice's attempt to persuade his colleagues to his point of view often failed using acerbic language in one opinion

described in the bid specifications prepared by the Architect of the Capitol and made construction more difficult than anticipated. When the office of the AOC began rejecting his claims, he took his case to Congress.

It was not the first time he had done so. As a constituent, Frenkil had received the help of Maryland Representatives in an earlier dispute with the AOC. Now, feeling the need for a more powerful political persuader, he turned to Nathan Voloshen, 72, a friend of House Speaker John McCormack, and hired him as counsel for a fee of \$28,000. Voloshen, who has pleaded guilty to influence-peddling charges in another case, earned his money. During 1967 and 1968 he met regularly with Frenkil's firm and representatives of the AOC to press Frenkil's claims. Once, according to the federal investigation, he threatened an AOC lawyer, Russell Pettibone with loss of his job if he failed to cooperate. When this strong-arm approach failed, he suggested that the attorney could have a better job if he played ball with Frenkil.

Frenkil tried to apply pressure from other directions as well. His firm performed \$45,000 worth of remodeling work on Boggs' Maryland home, charging the Congressman a bargain-basement rate of \$21,000 for the job. Frenkil himself successfully solicited the support of former Maryland Senator Daniel Brewster as well as Louisiana's Long. According to the grand jury testimony, Frenkil offered Long and Brewster one-third of whatever he recovered in exchange for their assistance. Long admits that his office interceded with the AOC on Frenkil's behalf but denies any wrongdoing on his part. "I didn't talk to anybody, nobody, not a soul on earth," he said.

Foul Play. His administrative assistant Robert Hunter did, however. "I called over there and asked them to make a decision on Frenkil's claims or let the case go to the General Accounting Office or Court of Claims," Hunter explained. Others claim that he did even more. Mario Campioli, the Assistant AOC, told federal investigators that Hunter called him, told him he had been in the U.S. Corps of Engineers and said that the AOC's plans were faulty. According to the Government case, Hunter also called Pettibone to press for action on Frenkil's claims and served as go-between for a campaign contribution. Encouraged by Long to make campaign contributions to "decent candidates and incumbents," Michigan Oilman and Bank Director Harold McClure, a Republican national committee man, wrote out a check payable to cash and left it at the desk of a downtown Washington hotel. It was picked up by Hunter and eventually found its way to Democrat Brewster's campaign cofers.

Investigating Frenkil's maneuvering, U.S. Attorney Stephen Sachs became convinced last winter that he had a

case against Frenkil, Long and Brewster, and sought Justice Department approval to indict all three. The permission was denied. Undaunted, Sachs tried again, last month, four days before he was due to retire, he went to see Attorney General John Mitchell, this time proposing to indict only Frenkil but still naming Long, Brewster and Boggs. Once again, Mitchell turned him down. The Justice Department has also kept secret its knowledge of the illegal campaign contributions received by Long and Boggs from a Louisiana bank.

Twice rebuffed, Sachs retired and turned the case over to George Beall, his Republican replacement. Beall proved as determined as his predecessor. He told Mitchell that he agreed with Sachs and sought permission to pro-

secute. Lawyers for Frenkil and others, claiming only to represent "John Doe," petitioned the court to prevent publication of the document, which they felt would damage their clients. In response, Federal District Judge Roszel Thomsen steered a cautious middle course. He suppressed the grand jury's presentment and released a watered-down summary of his own. Then he excused the presentment from the court records.

Damning Result. The result is almost as damning as an indictment. Emphasizing that no one is being formally charged, the judge's report nonetheless names Frenkil and his firm as co-defendants in a proposed grand jury indictment and notes that the grand jury



VICTOR FRENKIL



HALE BOOGS



RUSSELL LONG

Somehow the magic misfired.

ecute. Mitchell remained unmoved, his reluctance was both practical and political. Some Justice Department officials felt that there was insufficient evidence to prove the charges against Frenkil. Nor were they enthusiastic about prosecuting public officials on a "one on one" basis, relying on the uncorroborated testimony of a single witness, former Brewster aide John Sullivan, to prove the key points of the prosecution in the case.

But the grand jury was determined to press the case against Frenkil. The jurors prepared a presentment that named Frenkil and half a dozen present and former Congressmen, including Long and Boggs, and cited 45 overt acts in furtherance of the conspiracy. Submitting it to the judge, they asked that it be made public. Their action precipitated

what was willing to charge him with conspiring to defraud the U.S. Government of the right to the "diamerited services" of its officials by threats, promises and bribery. It is hardly less surprising of Long and Boggs, noting that they committed no criminal act but linking their names with a man who the grand jury believes did.

The judge's decision means that Frenkil is safe, but not yet home. Further action by the present grand jury is unlikely before it dissolves this week, but Beall has made it clear that he plans to continue his investigation. "I would like very much to hit pay dirt on this thing," he says. Beall might do just that if the Government is successful in its present efforts to persuade Nathan Voloshen to talk about what he did for Frenkil.

Nostalgic Reunion in Salina, Kansas

Dwight Eisenhower, who grew up in nearby Abilene, was ending his presidency when the class of 1960 graduated from Salina High School. John Kennedy was two weeks away from the Democratic nomination. Recently 195 members of Salina High's class of 1960 gathered from all over the nation for a reunion at Salina's Hilton Inn. They came partly out of nostalgia, but also out of curiosity—to see what the '60s had done to their classmates and their home town of 43,000 people. TIME's William Friedman joined them and sent this report.

SALINA is almost literally the middle of America, lying in the wheat-rich Kansas prairie equidistant from either coast. The streets are wide and shaded by magnificent Dutch elms. The air is a sweet mélange of fresh-cut wheat, mown stubble and clay baking on the river bottoms. A hot, dry wind pours across the plains from the Rockies. Westinghouse tested air pollution in every part of the country before deciding to establish a fluorescent-tube plant in Salina. Instead of traffic reports, the radio offers the latest fishing conditions.

To call Salina Middle America however, would not be entirely accurate. "We have some pockets of intolerance," says Whitley Austin, editor of the *Salina Journal*, "but most of the people sum-

a faraway, unformed look that some of them, only ten years later, may wonder if they were ever entirely that young. The homecoming queen that year was Rita Joyce Cook, who appears on a full page of the yearbook crowned with baby carnations, a heart-shaped diamond pendant around her neck. With two others, she

aren't afraid to think for themselves. It's the only way to change the system." Sandra Applebaugh was there but without her husband, Darryl Johnson, who is an Army major in Viet Nam. She recalled wistfully, "The most scandalous thing that ever happened to our class was when some guys got caught drinking beer backstage during a stage production." Gene George, president of the class of 1960, is now a geologist with an oil company, a job that leaves him morally unsettled. "I am a conservationist who works for an oil company."

The old graduates kept the local bowling alley open all night. Next evening they assembled for a ham and beef banquet, looking prosperous for their ages and, because of state liquor laws, influencing their Cokes from brown paper bags. On each table at the Hilton Inn was a construction-paper centerpiece noting the most important events of the past ten years. In 1963, John Kennedy's assassination. In 1965, Debbie Bryant (a Kansan) named Miss America. In 1966, Kansan Jim Ryun runs the fastest mile. Not a word about Viet Nam.

Then after dinner Phil Currier, a former Peace Corpsman in Borneo, once president of the Salina High student council, took the speaker's stand with an urgent yet soft-spoken speech about pollution, ecology, cities, racism and the war: "If you feel as I do, then sign a letter to President Nixon from the class of '60" protesting the war. Some of his classmates applauded respectfully. More than a few muttered "That son of a bitch." Before the evening was over, Jerry Brewster, a former Marine helicopter pilot in Viet Nam, was circulating a counter-petition headed, "Up yours, you s.o.b. You don't have the answer either." Currier got 35 signatures.



CURRIER

try to be fair." Salina is an accumulation of American eras. Ladies wait for men to open doors for them. Says Marsha Johnson Stewart, class of '60, "We're happy out here just like a woman always was. No reason to change the past when it's been good." With a black population of only 1,900, the town has a black mayor, Robert Caldwell, an industrial-arts instructor at the high school. Salina boasts a handsome new city-county building and library, two colleges, an Elks Club with, according to one native, "the best collection of stag movies in all of Kansas," and one hippe boutique run by a man who calls himself Brooklyn.

Salina had no such boutique when the class of 1960 graduated. The faces in the Salina High School yearbook have such



LOOP THEN & NOW

was judged "Most Likely to Succeed." Rita Joyce got married after graduation, had two children, got divorced, earned a teaching degree and moved to Shreveport, La., a city that she finds "much more conservative than Salina and very bigoted." She is still "cute as a button," as an old counselor at S.H.S. says. Rita Joyce has also grown startlingly outspoken in her opposition to the war in Viet Nam.

The townfolks still recall the class of 1960 as something special. It set a regional record for Merit Scholarships (13), and its football team went undefeated in the Central Kansas League. Breon Mitchell went on to Kansas University and a Rhodes scholarship "Folks here," remembers Rita Joyce, "could never understand why Breon studied English and philosophy. They figured he should be using his brainpower for engineering or physics." Breon, like much of the class of '60, moved away from Salina and now teaches at the University of Indiana. Sandy Van Cleef studied ballet, married a mortician and settled in Magnolia, Ark. Keith Cushman became an assistant professor of English and humanities at the University of Chicago; he is planning a book about D.H. Lawrence.

A year ago Mike Loop, a Union Pacific conductor-brakeman, and his wife Linda began organizing the reunion by rounding up addresses with Marsha Stewart's help. Out of a class of 348—one died, electrocuted in 1960 while surveying near Salina—195 appeared. They met and caroused fondly, with many shocks of recognition. Harold Snedeker turned up, now an Air Force captain with two children, and an expert on missiles. "The Air Force is changing," he remarked at one point. "Today the officers are not Southern cops. We need good young officers who



COOK

Brewster 15. But Brewster and Currier wound up shaking hands.

The war, after all still seemed rather far from Salina, the home town where Richard D. Nelson married Joan Velve and went to work as a traffic manager for local granaries. In his résumé for the reunion, he wrote simply, "I have raised a family and enjoyed life."

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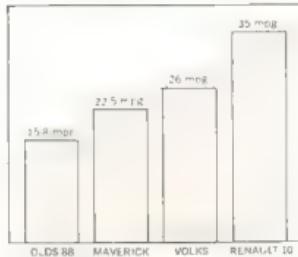
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THE WORLD



BRITAIN'S DOUGLAS HOME & FRANCE'S SCHUMANN IN LUXEMBOURG



Europe: A Rival or an Also-Ran

Ah *cher ami*, at last you are here," said French Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann as he spotted his British counterpart, Sir Alec Douglas-Home in Luxembourg's glass sheathed Centre Européen "I'm glad to see you!" Did Schumann's government share that feeling? That was the critical question last week as the foreign ministers of Europe's six Common Market nations greeted the delegates from the four hopeful applicants—Ireland, Norway and Denmark as well as Britain.

Formidable Rival. The hard negotiations to determine whether the Six will become the Ten are to be conducted at the European Economic Community's headquarters in Brussels. Nonetheless, it seemed fitting that his historic talks formally began in Luxembourg, where the European Coal and Steel Community, the forerunner of the Common Market, established its first headquarters in 1952 under the tutelage of Robert Schuman, France's pioneering Pan-European, and his compatriot Jean Monnet. Since then, the hopes of creating a United States of Europe have faded amidst charges that the Six add up to little more than a self-serving customs union. Enlargement would help to clear away some of the inertia that has set in at Brussels. At the very least, the inclusion of Britain and its three fellow applicants in the Market would make it a more formidable rival of the superpowers in terms of population (more than 250 million) and gross national product (see map opposite). At best, their admission could impart fresh momentum to the old dream of Monnet, who was sure that

once a common market interest has been created, then political union will come naturally."

When the detailed negotiations get under way in the fall, the Six will bargain directly with the four applicants through the EEC Council of Ministers. Little of the dickering will be entrusted to the EEC Executive Commission, the Brussels-based body of Eurocrats that was once expected to become a sort of European supergovernment. When Belgium's astute Jean Rey stepped down as commission president last week, it was somehow not surprising that he was succeeded by a relative unknown: Italy's Franco Maria Malfatti, 43, a second-ranking Italian government minister (post and telecommunications).

There are enough pesky details to be settled to keep the talks going for at least 18 months, and perhaps much longer. And success is by no means guaranteed. Before they get to haggling over such questions as Denmark's special relationships with Greenland and the Faeroe Islands, the negotiators will deal with the main issue: Britain. It is widely assumed that London's third bid for Common Market membership will probably be its last. With the pound in reasonably robust shape, Britain is nowhere near as desperate as it was in 1967 when, had in hand, it made its last previous bid.

This time, to be sure, one formidable personal obstacle to British entry is absent: Charles de Gaulle, whose conviction that London would only be a Trojan horse for American interests kept the British on the outside looking in for nearly a decade.

Deeply Pessimistic. There is wide disagreement, however, on just how much more agreeable France's present management will be to British entry than De Gaulle was. Rome is deeply pessimistic. "No matter how polite they may be," says an Italian close to the Market talks, "it's still the French against the Five. They haven't changed a bit from Gaulist days in their attitude toward sovereignty."

Those less gloomy than the Italians note that France is likely to think hard about blackballing Britain a third time, which might forever scuttle chances for a united Europe. This time, moreover, the French may see some pluses in British entry—particularly as a counterweight to Bonn's rising power in Common Market councils. "The French have many qualities," observes Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns, "one of them being realism. They realize they will have to play the game—or, as the English say, they'll have to play cricket."

The stakes will be high. Because of wide differences in agricultural productivity, the Common Market has evolved a subsidy system that in effect supports the inefficient farms of France and Italy at the expense of the other countries. As a highly efficient grower and also a heavy importer of food, Britain will have to pay dearly to join the Market. Estimates are that Britain might have to shell out cash subsidies totaling as much as \$2.6 billion a year. The average Briton would foot the bill in the form of a rise in food prices on the order of 18% to 26%.

Prime Minister Edward Heath has made it clear that Britain is not willing

to pay any price to join the Market. Anthony Barber, Tory Party chairman and Heath's man at the Common Market talks warned last week that if the Six insisted on Britain's paying too much or too fast, "no British government could contemplate joining." Recent polls show that up to 75% of Britons are opposed to entry. A "horror corner" at a National Farmers' Union exhibit in Surrey showed why: it featured a grocery-filled market basket with comparative current prices—\$5.16 for Britain, \$8.16 for France and \$10.56 for Italy.

No Bacon. Ex-Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson has been an advocate of the Market himself but critics suggest that he might seize on the issue as a means of harming the Tories. One of the calmest voices in the whole Market hassle is that of George Brown, one of Wilson's old Labor Party sidemen, who was upset in Britain's recent election and denied a seat in the House of Commons for the first time in 25 years.

When we of this generation go, Brown wrote in London's *Sunday Times* last week, "our children and grandchildren will respect our memory much less by the price of bacon in the year 1970 than they will by reference to the kind of political environment we have bequeathed them." Europe's long-range prospect of becoming a real rival to the superpowers or merely an also-ran may depend on whether that spirit—which was notably lacking in Luxembourg last week—will prevail in Brussels over the next several months.

NORTHERN IRELAND Shoot Them Down Before Tea

The British military patrol froze in momentary disbelief. Down one street in the Belfast working-class district around Newtownards Road came the funeral procession of James McCullie, one of six Protestants killed during a weekend of fighting between Ulster's two religious factions. Down an intersecting street came the coffin, weeping widow and weeping friends of Henry McIlhone, the not's only Catholic victim. The British soldiers quickly detoured McCullie's cortege, but not before the two groups of mourners had caught sight of one another. There were jeers, fist shakings and muffled epithets like "Bloody Prods" and "Dirty Papists."

Learn and Listen. That no blood was shed was remarkable, since a pall of anger hung over Ulster last week following the fiercest battles between Catholics and Protestants in eight months. In addition to the seven dead, at least 250 people were wounded or injured, stores and pubs were fire-bombed and buses overturned to make barricades. Arriving in Belfast for a "Learn-and-Listen" visit, British Home Secretary Reginald Maudling heard enough to convince him that the new Tory government had inherited a cankerous problem. In the Protestant area around Shankill Road a housewife cried out to Maudling, "Shoot them down in the Falls Road [the city's principal Catholic area], and we'll give you all a nice tea!"



PROTESTANT FUNERAL IN BELFAST
Near collision.

All that held Northern Ireland together, it seemed, was the British army. Eleven thousand tommyes under General Sir Ian Freeland patrolled Belfast and Londonderry and enforced a strict night curfew. After the riots General Freeland ordered his men to shoot to kill civilians carrying weapons. For a few days, such strict measures helped avert fresh outbreaks in Belfast, even though 12,000 Protestants marched there in parades commemorating the 1916 Battle of the Somme in which 5,000 Ulstermen died. At week's end, however, pitched battles erupted between Catholics and troops who had discovered a cache of hidden weapons off the Falls Road. One civilian was crushed under an armored car and four died of gunshot wounds; at least a score of people were wounded, including ten soldiers as the rioters hurled rocks and homemade hand grenades and the tommyes responded with clouds of tear gas and nausea gas.

Well Prepared. Last summer's riots broke out as a result of a Catholic civil rights struggle. The latest explosions seemed to augur a resumption of the religious war that raged in Ireland a half-century ago at the time the Irish Free State was created. Irregulars on both sides—the proscribed Irish Republican Army and the Protestant Ulster Volunteer Forces—have been running guns into Northern Ireland. When the current round of riots began two weekends ago ostensibly over the jailing of Catholic Leader Bernadette Devlin for six months on charges of rioting and inciting to riot, both sides were very well prepared.

Snipers roamed the rooftops while rioters tossed fire bombs into buildings



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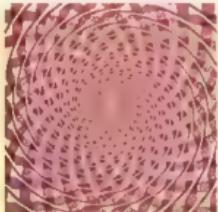
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THE MIND



Illusion—the mind insists on seeing these concentric circles as a spiral



I. ancient rite
Mexican priests prepare "magic mushrooms" called divine because they produce ecstatic visions

A Shattering Psychosis

The most frightening and most mysterious of all mental disorders is schizophrenia, which afflicts one in every 1000 Americans. It is a disease of the mind that can drive a person to the edge of insanity. The symptoms of schizophrenia are often so bizarre that they are hard to believe. For example, a person with schizophrenia may hear voices that tell him he is being persecuted, or he may believe he is the president of the United States. He may also have delusions of grandeur, believing he is a god or a superhero. The causes of schizophrenia are not fully understood, but it is believed to be a combination of genetic and environmental factors. Treatment for schizophrenia is available, but it requires a long-term commitment to therapy and medication.



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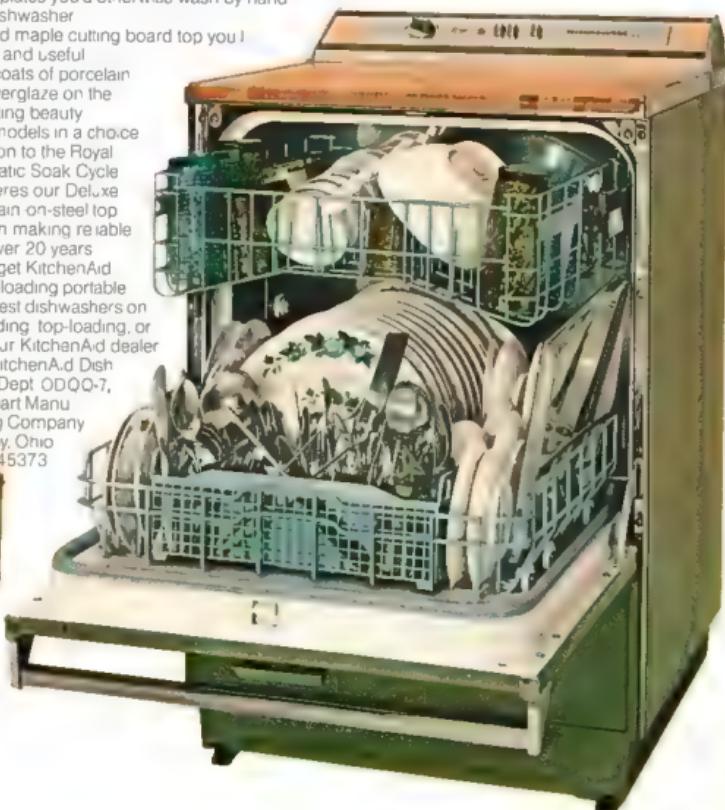
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BRITISH SOLDIERS ADVANCING ON ULSTER RIOTERS
"If this goes on, this province will be reduced to a dunghill."

to decoy British troops. For the first time, British-owned companies were calculated targets. The arrow appeared to be a Catholic effort to force the government in London to take more power away from Prime Minister James Chichester-Clark's provincial government at Stormont Castle. In that they failed. "There is an impression in some quarters," said Maudling in Belfast, "that a change of government would mean a change of policy. This is not so."

Maudling left it to the Ulster government to crack down on rioters. In an all-night session at Stormont, Parliament debated a bill—probably aimed at Catholics—that would impose mandatory jail terms of up to five years for rioting and fire-bombing. Another measure proposed two years in jail or a fine of \$2,400 for "inciting to hatred." This appeared to be directed at Protestants, and it hit one mark. "It will be a bill against me," bellowed the Rev. Ian Paisley, who leads Ulster's extremist Protestant forces and won a seat in the House of Commons—as did the re-elected Bernadette Devlin—in the recent British elections.

The Ulster Parliament was in a tough mood. "If this goes on," said one Cabinet Minister at Stormont, "this province will be reduced to a dunghill with only Ian Paisley crowing on its summit and Bernadette Devlin scuttling like a hen around its foot."

Both measures were approved. One reason for their hasty enactment was the 280th anniversary this weekend of the Battle of the Boyne, in which Protestant troops loyal to William of Orange defeated James II and his Catholics to preserve English rule over Ireland. The day is traditionally marked by a huge parade of Orangemen—and by the taunts of belligerent Catholics. Last year's parade precipitated battles all over Northern Ireland that finally led to fatal riots and the arrival of British troops.

ALBANIA Pay Now, Work Later

When a country of considerable scenic beauty is plagued by a chronic shortage of foreign exchange funds, the standard solution is to build a few luxury hotels, print some brochures advertising the virgin beaches and rugged mountains, and brace for the flood of tourists. Leave it to Albania to invent a new wrinkle that is absolutely guaranteed to keep the tourists away in droves.

This year, for the first time since World War II, Enver Hoxha's Stalinist regime has decided to admit—in groups of 30—West German tourists. The total cost for three weeks, including air fare, food and accommodations, is only \$140. There is a slight catch, though to help Hoxha's fledgling "Action Through Concentrated Blows" program, which is much like China's "Great Leap Forward," tourists who sign up for this government-approved package deal must spend four hours a day laboring in Albania's picturesque farm fields. Germans are ordinarily compulsive tourists, but so far there have been no takers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA Anna's Agony

The humiliation of Czechoslovakia's Alexander Dubcek has been thoroughly documented from the days in August 1968 when he was held captive in Moscow to his firing as Prague's ambassador to Turkey and his expulsion from the Communist Party two weeks ago. Less well known but no less poignant has been the plight of Dubcek's attractive blonde wife Anna.

Just as Dubcek frequently found himself in the watchful company of the Soviet ambassador while in Turkey, so Anna was in the constant charge of the ambassador's wife. The wife of one Western ambassador recalls that when

Anna paid her first official call, this uninvited "companion" sat, silent but attentive, through the visit. When the Western diplomat's wife repaid the call at the Czechoslovak embassy, she discovered the Soviet ambassador's wife sitting in a room within earshot of the main salon.

Anna Dubcek suffered other torments. Her three children were kept in Prague—presumably as hostages—throughout their parents' assignment to Ankara. When Dubcek was summoned home and fired his wife was confined to the dreary Czechoslovak embassy compound. Prevented from leaving the embassy, Anna was unable to attend a wedding reception for the Chilean ambassador's daughter. Nonetheless, she sent a wedding gift, carefully enclosing both her and her husband's calling cards. A friend later telephoned to tell her that the gift had arrived without either one another card had been substituted, saying simply, "From the Embassy of Czechoslovakia." Anna broke down in tears.

Last week she was permitted to join her husband in Prague. Dubcek, who has been under treatment in Prague's Sans Clinic for nervous depression, met her at the airport. Both looked strained perhaps because their worries are not yet over. Ultra-conservatives are pressing their campaign to put Dubcek on trial for "crimes" committed during his leadership. Last week Radio Prague denounced him as a "renegade, traitor, revisionist and failure." For the time being, the Dubceks reportedly plan to return to Trenčín, in their native Slovakia, where Alexander's 80-year-old mother has a house. There, the ex-leader of Czechoslovakia's Communist Party is expected to be assigned to a white-collar job in a factory.



ANNA DUBČEK
With a silent but attentive companion.

Cambodia: Struggle for Survival

NOW that all U.S. troops have left Cambodia, a thorny question remains: Can the country long survive without their presence? In the past four months, the 40,000 North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops in Cambodia have spilled out of the sanctuaries, seizing more than half of Cambodia's countryside and attacking at will over much of the rest (see map). It is debatable whether the U.S. invasion provoked

dramatic progress in equipping and training their army. At present, about a fourth of the country's 100,000 regular troops have no rifles at all, and small-arms ammunition is in such short supply that raw recruits sometimes get a grand total of five practice shots before they are sent on active duty. Moreover, says one diplomatic observer, "The Cambodians must learn that you don't kill a fly with a cannon. When a hundred

Cambodia continues to reside with him and Deputy Premier Sirik Matak.

Massive Sweeps. Cambodia's survival will require many other drastic changes, including the rescue of its stricken economy. Rubber exports, which account for one-fourth of the country's foreign exchange, are down to a trickle, and will soon halt altogether. Rice exports, which account for more than half, are likely to drop by nearly 60%. Still, Cambodia's most immediate needs are military. So far help has come almost entirely from the South Vietnamese. More than 25,000 ARVN regulars remained in Cambodia after the U.S. departure, conducting massive sweeps north, northwest and northeast of Phnom-Penh in the hope of driving Communist forces farther away from the capital. To help overcome Cambodia's lack of disciplined fighters, Saigon last week announced that over the next three months it will train 10,000 of its neighbor's troops at three camps in South Viet Nam.

The U.S. has endorsed this effort, though it could overtax Saigon's own war effort if carried on too long. U.S. sources note that Hanoi has been sending as many as 3,000 trucks a week down the Ho Chi Minh Trail despite the monsoons, possibly for a major attack somewhere in the northern half of South Viet Nam. For its part, Washington has provided Cambodia with a fairly modest military-aid program of \$7,900,000; it will try to increase that to perhaps \$25 million over the next six months by diverting unused funds from other aid programs so as to avoid having to request the money from a hostile Congress. The U.S. is also continuing to fly so-called interdiction bombing missions over Cambodian territory. Beyond these limited measures, Nixon endorsed a program of regional cooperation among Phnom-Penh's neighbors, who, he said, have "a stake in Cambodian neutrality and independence." Cambodia, in short, is destined to become the first test for the Nixon Doctrine, which encourages Asians to solve Asia's problems.

Fatal Flaw. It promises to be an acid test. At the annual meeting of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization in Manila last week, Washington's allies showed little enthusiasm for any regional plan. Thai Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman told TIME Correspondent Herman Nickel that his nation might decline to provide any substantial assistance unless its own security were "directly threatened." Some U.S. officials are convinced that Thanat is merely trying to squeeze more aid funds out of Washington; so far Bangkok has "loaned" Phnom-Penh some river-patrol craft, as well as five T-28 propeller-driven bombers, but it has not come across with the troops that were promised. In part, Thanat's comment reflects the anger of U.S. allies in Asia over Senate passage of the Cooper-Church amendment (see NATION). However, it also points up what could prove a fatal



their campaign or whether the Communists would have begun swallowing big chunks of Cambodia anyway in the confusion that followed the ouster of Prince Norodom Sihanouk. What is abundantly clear is that the Communists pose a lethal challenge to the wobbly anti-Communist government of Premier Lon Nol. Unless Cambodia receives a quick transfusion of aid, South Viet Nam could well find itself flanked by another Communist government.

Hollow Victory. What does Cambodia need to survive? Says one U.S. diplomat: "Time, more than anything else." The current monsoon season gives an added advantage to the Communists, who live off the land and move on foot through the oceans of mud that bog down army vehicles. If Lon Nol can hang on until the rains end in September without losing much more territory, he will have achieved a significant victory.

The victory will prove a hollow one, however, unless the Cambodians make

Viet Cong appear, you don't send a regiment to chase them out."

Ruling Authority. Politically, the government has profited from a wave of Khmer nationalism that swept Cambodia after the overthrow of Sihanouk, who was put on trial *in absentia* last week on charges of "endangering the security of the Cambodian nation." But Lon Nol, whose regime came to power with the support of the urban middle class and intellectuals, has yet to win widespread loyalty in the countryside. Already the peasants in some contested areas reportedly have given food to the Communist guerrillas. Critics in the National Assembly charge that the government has been too slow in re-establishing its presence in areas retaken from the Communists.

Last week, partially in response to such criticism, Lon Nol shuffled his Cabinet, adding eight new men and ending the unpopular practice of allowing major members of the government to head several ministries. Ruling authority in

flaw in the Nixon Doctrine. Asian countries are simply unlikely to come to one another's aid in what the U.S. might deem an emergency.

Without cooperation from its neighbors, Cambodia is "just like Laos," said a longtime SEATO observer. "Lon Nol will survive if the Communists let him." With help, the odds could change drastically. As a White House official noted last week, there are 30 million Thais, 17 million South Vietnamese and 7,000,000 Cambodians that collective force faces 20 million North Vietnamese who already are fighting in two other places and who are at the end of a 600-mile supply line. So far, however, those figures have not added up to much help for Cambodia in its struggle for survival.

THE MIDDLE EAST

The Most Dangerous Arena

I think the Middle East now is terribly dangerous, like the Balkans before World War I. The two superpowers, the U.S. and the Soviet Union, could be drawn into a confrontation that neither of them wants because of the differences there.

Toward the end of his hour-long TV discussion last week, President Nixon turned from the Far East to an area that he described as "more dangerous than Viet Nam." That appraisal is hard to fault. Unless Israel and its Arab neighbors reach some accommodation before long, an all out war may very well break out in the region. If that happens, the superpowers might become participants instead of mere sponsors.

Sweet Words. To head off just such an explosive possibility, Secretary of State William Rogers two weeks ago approached the principals directly with a new set of U.S. peace proposals. The details reportedly include at least a 90-day cease-fire, Israeli withdrawal at some point from occupied territories, and Arab acceptance of Israel's right to exist within recognized borders. To give his proposals time to germinate among the Arabs, Rogers pressed Israel not to respond to them preemptorily.

That the Israeli government disliked the proposals quickly became apparent. In front of her Cabinet, Premier Golda Meir harshly criticized Foreign Minister Abba Eban for his overly optimistic evaluation of Washington's proposals. She also wrote a private note to President Nixon. Said an aide to the Premier: "Nixon gives us sweet words, and Rogers stabs us in the back."

Mrs. Meir, wearing a new turquoise midi that was far brighter than her mood, delivered a 30-minute foreign policy speech to the Knesset that sounded like a subtle no to Washington's plan. A temporary cease-fire, Mrs. Meir said, would only permit the Arabs to "prepare for the renewal of the war in a more intense form." Her point was underscored when Soviet-made SA-2 missiles near the Suez Canal brought down

a Phantom jet and an Israeli Skyhawk within half an hour of each other. The planes were the only ones to be destroyed by SA-2s since the Six-Day War other than a lone Piper Cub. The fact that Russia has apparently developed mobile platforms for the missiles, enabling Egypt to shift and hide them in an area that has been subjected to 25 consecutive days of bombing, convinced Israel that a temporary truce would be militarily devastating.

Still, Mrs. Meir's Knesset speech was not a definite rejection. Nor have Is-

dian army, King Hussein has installed a new, heavily pro-fedayeen Cabinet and called on his subjects to "prepare for the battle of liberation."

Despite the tough stance, Hussein has always been the leading Arab moderate. Last week Golda Meir noted that surreptitious face-to-face peace talks had been held between Israelis and Arabs. "Suppose we met five times with so-and-so," she teased, "but his condition for meeting with us was that the meeting be kept secret?" When newsmen inquired who "so-and-so" might be, the



MRS. MEIR ON BORDER VISIT

But one important group showed no interest

rael's opponents thus far rejected Rogers' proposals. Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, who arrived in Moscow for a week-long official visit, met three times with Soviet Commissar Leonid Brezhnev and Premier Aleksei Kosygin, principally to discuss the U.S. overture. At the United Nations, Russian Ambassador Yakov Malik indicated that Moscow might be amenable to something less than complete Israeli withdrawal. Russia's Ambassador to Washington, Anatoly Dobrynin, made the same point six weeks ago in the private discussions he has been having with Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco. Dobrynin and Sisco conferred last week, as did Sisco and Israeli Ambassador Rabin.

No Interest. One important group that has shown no interest in Rogers' proposals is the Arab guerrillas who reject any settlement that does not provide specifically for their return to Palestine. In the wake of last month's fighting between the guerrillas and the Jor-



NASSER LAYING WREATH IN MOSCOW

Premier responded with a Gioconda smile. The best guess was that she meant Hussein, who is known to have met secretly on occasion with Abba Eban.

What happens next in the diplomatic game is uncertain. Nixon took a strongly pro-Israel position in his television appearance, which upset Arabs. Even so, Washington is still hopeful, and is being extremely careful to keep things calm. Thus, in response to newsmen's questions, White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said that even if the Soviet buildup in Egypt continued, "we have no plans to inject U.S. military personnel into the area."

The tip-off of a break in the deadlock would be the dispatch to the Middle East of Gunnar Jarring, Sweden's Ambassador to Moscow, to resume the intermediary's role he undertook unsuccessfully more than two years ago. Jarring might fail again, but the alternative to making an effort, as President Nixon indicated last week, could be a disaster.

The Third World: Seeds of Revolution

TIME was when food experts round the world regularly issued gloomy forecasts of impending famine and starvation for the earth's exploding population. That rarely happens these days, thanks largely to the Green Revolution brought about by new, high-yield strains of wheat and rice. Thus, when 1,200 authorities wound up the second meeting of the World Food Congress in The Hague last week, the emphasis was less on the problems of paucity than on those of plenty.

Unless the Green Revolution is carefully managed, said The Netherlands' Adeke H. Boerma, director general of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), the result may be "a conflagration of violence that would sweep through millions of lives."

A Hurricane Camille. The idea that abundance can pose vast problems may be jarring. Yet the FAO, which for years led the way in warning that populations were growing faster than food production, now maintains that the world's agricultural potential is great enough to feed 157 billion people (> the world's present population of 3.5 billion). Plainly, the Green Revolution has shown that the battle of food production can indeed be won. But not without its own kind of chaotic upheavals.

Because these new miracle grains require relatively costly investments in seeds, irrigation, fertilizers and insecticides, large landholders may force increasing numbers of small farmers and peasants off the land and into the already overcrowded cities. The prospect, says British Economist Barbara Ward,

is of "a tidal wave, a Hurricane Camille of country people that threatens to overwhelm the already crowded, bursting cities." Agrees India's Home Minister Y.B. Chavan. "Unless we do something about the Green Revolution, it will become the red revolution."

Production Explosion. The Green Revolution dawned in 1944, when four young men funded by the Rockefeller Foundation gathered in the hills outside Mexico City and began experimenting with what eventually became a strain of unusually hardy, plump-grained wheat. Buoyed by their success, the Rockefeller Foundation joined with the Ford Foundation in 1962 and began work at Los Banos in the Philippines on an equally miraculous rice strain. The result was IR5 and IR8, experimentally introduced in 1964. Their arrival touched off a production explosion in the grain bowls of the world.

Five years ago, the Philippines imported 1,000,000 tons of rice annually. Today the country is not only self-sufficient but will soon begin exporting rice. Since the introduction of high-yield grains in West Pakistan, that country has increased wheat production by 171% and rice production by 162%. Just in the last two years, India's wheat production rose 50%, and Ceylon's rice crop increased 34%. In Mexico, wheat yields have grown from 500 lbs. per acre in 1950 to 2,300 lbs. Japan, long an importer of rice, now has such a huge surplus that one company has taken to spraying rice grains out of pressurized nozzles in order to clean the blades of air-cooling fans. Other coun-

tries feeling the impact of the Green Revolution are Turkey, Malaysia, Burma, Indonesia, South Viet Nam, Afghanistan, Kenya, Tunisia, Morocco, Algeria, Libya, Brazil and Paraguay.

Taste Test. Many of the countries, however, are incapable of handling the huge crops that they have begun harvesting. In West Pakistan, there is not a single elevator for storing the mountainous grain crop. As much as 20% of that crop is being lost to rodents, bugs, at-home pilferers and foreign smugglers. For two months in 1968, scores of village schools in northern India were closed because the buildings had been commandeered to store surplus wheat. Even so, untold numbers of Indians starved because the country—like most that are harvesting huge crops for the first time—lacked adequate distribution and marketing networks.

Another serious problem is consumer resistance. Many of the peasants of South and Southeast Asia, who eat rice with their fingers, find that the miracle rice is too gluey and sticks to their fingers. In Turkey, imported Mexican wheat sells for 10% less than local wheats. It fails the taste test. The new rice sells for 30% less in the Philippines and is often sold at a discount for use as cattle fodder. Moreover, production sputtered so quickly that in many cases prices have tumbled.

In many areas, one effect of the Green Revolution has been to widen the gap between the rich and the poor. Explains Barbara Ward: "Large holdings can be mechanized and smaller farms consolidated, thus increasing the gains of the



RICE INSTITUTE IN PHILIPPINES



MME SUHARTO REAPING RICE



SURPLUS WHEAT IN WEST PAKISTAN

The emphasis is less on the problems of poverty than on those of plenty.



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fortunate and ruining the little man." Without government credits, agrees FAO Director Boerma, "it is indeed only the richer farmer who can afford the investment to develop the Green Revolution." In one clash in Tanore, one of India's model agricultural development districts, between two groups of landless laborers, 42 people were burned to death.

Displaced Peasants. Despite—and to some extent because of—the bright and glittering promises of greater production, agriculture cannot possibly provide employment for those additional millions who will be populating the earth by 1985 (another one billion in the underdeveloped countries alone). Says a recent FAO report: "Nearly 70% of the people living in the Third World depend upon agriculture for their livelihood." By 1985, their number is expected to increase nearly 50%—even though, the report adds, "there are far more people on farms now than are needed."

As British officials see it, the displaced peasant will be the Third World's biggest problem for the next 20 years. Says Lester Brown, senior fellow of Washington's Overseas Development Corporation: "The food problems of the '60s could well become the employment problems of the '70s. Large numbers of people neither culturally nor vocationally ready for urban life are being driven into the cities."

Pandora's Box. The growing realization that the Green Revolution is creating as many problems as it is solving has spurred a search for solutions. Diversification into crops other than grains is one possibility. Agrarian reform is another, but not if it results in the creation of tiny, uneconomic parcels of land. Boerma suggests agricultural cooperatives in which small farmers would band together to farm a large spread that would lend itself to mechanization. Governments would have to help with credits and the construction of irrigation systems. Barbara Ward recommends creating rural agricultural centers that would provide the "agro-industries" necessary to employ the peasants left jobless by the Green Revolution—warehouses, fertilizer plants, facilities to manufacture silos and other storage units, work forces for loading and shipping. Taiwan already has a collective program under way, and so far some 7,000 acres in eight different locations have been consolidated into large production units. In Thailand, 167 collectives are farming a total of 29,000 acres.

The Green Revolution is also compelling countries that have long produced grain surpluses—including the U.S.—to re-examine their own agricultural policies. As rice-rich Thailand has already discovered, the markets for rice are rapidly disappearing, while many wheat-importing countries may soon be producing surpluses of their own. The fact that Washington may eventually have to readjust acreage allotments and agricultural subsidies as a result of the

Green Revolution is especially ironic inasmuch as American funds and technology started it all.

Of course, the U.S. is by no means the only country that has been surprised by the Green Revolution. As Overseas Development Corporation Vice President Dr. Clifton Wharton noted in a recent issue of *Foreign Affairs* magazine, it "has burst with such suddenness that it has caught many unaware." Long range planning, he wrote, is urgently needed. "Perhaps in this way we can ensure that what we are providing becomes a cornucopia, not a Pandora's box." That is a challenge—and a promise—that the world can ill afford to ignore.



ECHEVERRÍA CAMPAIGNING
Blend of machismo and charisma.

MEXICO

Upward and Onward

When Luis Echeverría Alvarez won the presidential nomination of Mexico's *Partido Revolucionario Institucional* (P.R.I.) last October, he was as good as elected. The P.R.I. has ruled with only token opposition since it was formed in 1929. Nonetheless, Echeverría, 48, conducted a remarkably strenuous campaign. In the last eight months he visited 900 towns and villages and traveled more than 35,000 miles, most of them in his campaign bus, the *Miguel Hidalgo*, which he named for the father of Mexican independence. Asked why he was working so hard to win an election that he was extremely unlikely to lose, Echeverría replied: "The campaign has given me a detailed panorama of what is happening in the country."

No Machine. The P.R.I., the first party created after Mexico's 1910 Revolution, has won every national election in the past 41 years. Successive P.R.I. governments have given Mexico one of the most prosperous urban economies in Latin America. During the past decade, the country's economic growth increased almost 62%.

Despite such progress, however, previous P.R.I. governments have been criticized for failing to improve the life of the Mexican peasant. The regime of outgoing President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz has also been attacked for its handling of the Mexico City riots that preceded the 1968 Olympic Games. When police and soldiers shot at least 33 people to death and wounded 500 others, Díaz Ordaz's enemies charged that the President's "guided democracy" was really a dictatorship. More than 100 students arrested for rioting are in prison, some still awaiting trial.

Echeverría, who served as Minister of the Interior throughout Díaz Ordaz's six-year term, promised a government that would be "neither to the right nor to the left, but upward and onward." Initially, he struck observers as a competent machine politician. Now they are not so sure. His tireless stamping, plus the fact that he is the father of eight, persuaded many Mexicans that Echeverría possesses what might be called "machismo"—the requisite Latin American *machismo* mixed with political charisma. Dressed casually wherever he went, he dined with peasant families, spoke informally about national problems and debated with students whenever he could. Defending the jailing of rioters, he said, "Not one was arrested for writing a novel or a poem or for his way of thinking." The students were not always prepared to listen. In Chihuahua they dug a moat to bar his entrance from campus.

Style Change. During the long campaign Echeverría spoke eloquently about the problem of government corruption. "When we see bad officials who use their posts only to build their own power," he said, "we are reminded of the conquistadors. When we find an official who serves the people, we think of Zapata." He concentrated on the country's main problem, the need to develop its agricultural economy. "By the end of this decade," he promised, "Mexico will be one of the most electrically developed countries in the world." Foreign investors were welcome, "as long as they complement our national capital."

To the last man, political observers expected Echeverría, a cashier's son who grew up to become a lawyer and political scientist, to win an easy victory this week over his sole opponent, Efraín González Morfin of the conservative *Partido Acción Nacional* (P.A.N.). The strenuous campaign proved beyond doubt that Echeverría would change the style of the Mexican presidency. Whether he also intended to change its policies remained to be seen.

PEOPLE

For months now, the lady's outspoken statements have been conspicuously missing from the press—in obedience, no doubt, to an injunction from U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell. Henceforth, he has decreed, if his wife Martha must speak out in public, it must be in Swahili. But what husband has ever silenced his wife? Administering the oath of office to the new president of the American Newspaper Women's Club in Washington last week, Martha spoke in near-flawless Swahili: *"Je unuahe kwa kweli kwembe reazimba . . ."* Ruled the Attorney General, who was present: "The oath in Swahili is perfectly legal."

Rumor has linked the name of the President's elder daughter **Tricia Nixon**, 24, to a herd of eligible bachelors, among them White House Aide Jeff Donfeld and Barry Goldwater Jr. Nothing serious, said Mother last week in an obvious effort to scratch the whole field "Tricia has a boy friend in every port" Nonetheless, White House insiders insist that there's a front runner. Harvard Law Student **Edward Cox**, 23, whom Tricia first met six years ago at a Chapin School dance in New York. In fact, these Washington souts are hinting that Tricia and her steady Eddie will altar all rumors and marry by the end of the year.

Even the Soviet press tuned in with a sweet note for the world of music's untitled Gabriel: "The King of Jazz with a golden trumpet" was *Sovetskiy Kul'tura*'s tribute to **Louis Armstrong**, who

"Do you solemnly swear



MARTHA ADMINISTERING OATH
Legol in Swahili.

reached 70 last week. Back home, many of the big names of jazz joined well-wishers at Los Angeles' 6,500-seat Shrine Auditorium for a brassy birthday bash, and somebody baked an 11-ft., \$1,500 cake. "The biggest thrill I ever had in my life being honored by these cats," said the Satch, visibly moved.

His forte is music, not films. Nonetheless, last week in Paris, Pianist **Arthur Rubinstein**, 81, received an honorary Oscar for his contributions (the dialogue and the music) to *L'Amour de la Vie*, a movie based on reminiscences of his life. Asked if the pianist could also be considered an actor, **Gregory Peck**, an Oscar winner himself (*To Kill a Mockingbird* in 1963), who presented the statuette to Rubinstein, replied, "Good Lord, yes. He's a much better actor than I am."

Can't a father take his daughter on a cruise to Alaska without stirring up a fuss? Not if Daddy is **Cary Grant**. Outraged because the *Pensular and Oriental* passenger steamship company released a picture of him and his four-year-old daughter Jennifer (his only child, by *Actress Dyan Cannon*, 32), the 66-year-old actor called off the trip and vowed to sue the line. Why? Because, said Cary, "my ex-wife and I have agreed not to allow our child to be photographed. There's too much crime and violence in the world and we don't want our child to be recognized."

It was a flashy week for pennyweighters—underworld arog for jewel thieves. Among the more prominent victims: Film Actress *Moureen O'Hara*, vaca-

tioning in Australia (\$56,000 in jewels heisted from her Sydney hotel room). Singer *Teresa Brewer* (relieved in Las Vegas of a gold necklace and diamond ring valued at \$5,300); TV's *Virginia (Girl Talk) Graham* (\$75,000 in diamonds, pearls and sapphires missing from her hotel room in Chicago).

They are the youngest emissaries ever to be received by Japan's Prime Minister *Eisaku Sato*. While *Julie Nixon Eisenhower*, 22, chatted with Mrs. Sato, Husband *David*, also 22, a little awed by the fusillade of flash bulbs and questions from some 70 Japanese newsmen and photographers, inquired of the Prime Minister: "Is it always like this in Japan?" Replied Sato, beaming: "Of course not. This is a special treatment for you." After that, the young couple were off to Expo '70 to lend their presence to U.S. National Day at the fair.

To honor the centennial of Canada's vast and sparsely settled Northwest Territories (1.3 million sq mi., pop 33,000), *Elizabeth II* of England this week is pushing farther north than any of her predecessors have ever gone on a ceremonial tour. On her ten-day, 4,000-mile itinerary is a stop at the village of Resolute Bay, 700 miles north of the Arctic Circle, where the entourage (120!) will nearly equal the residents (120).

Marianne Faithfull, 23, British singer actress and daughter of Baroness Erissa of Austria, discovered how costly mink can be. The onetime girl friend of the Rolling Stones' *Mick Jagger* was caught last Christmas at London's Heathrow Airport trying to smuggle a \$2,000 black mink coat in from Rome. In magistrates' court last week, the judge added \$1,200 to the price tag.



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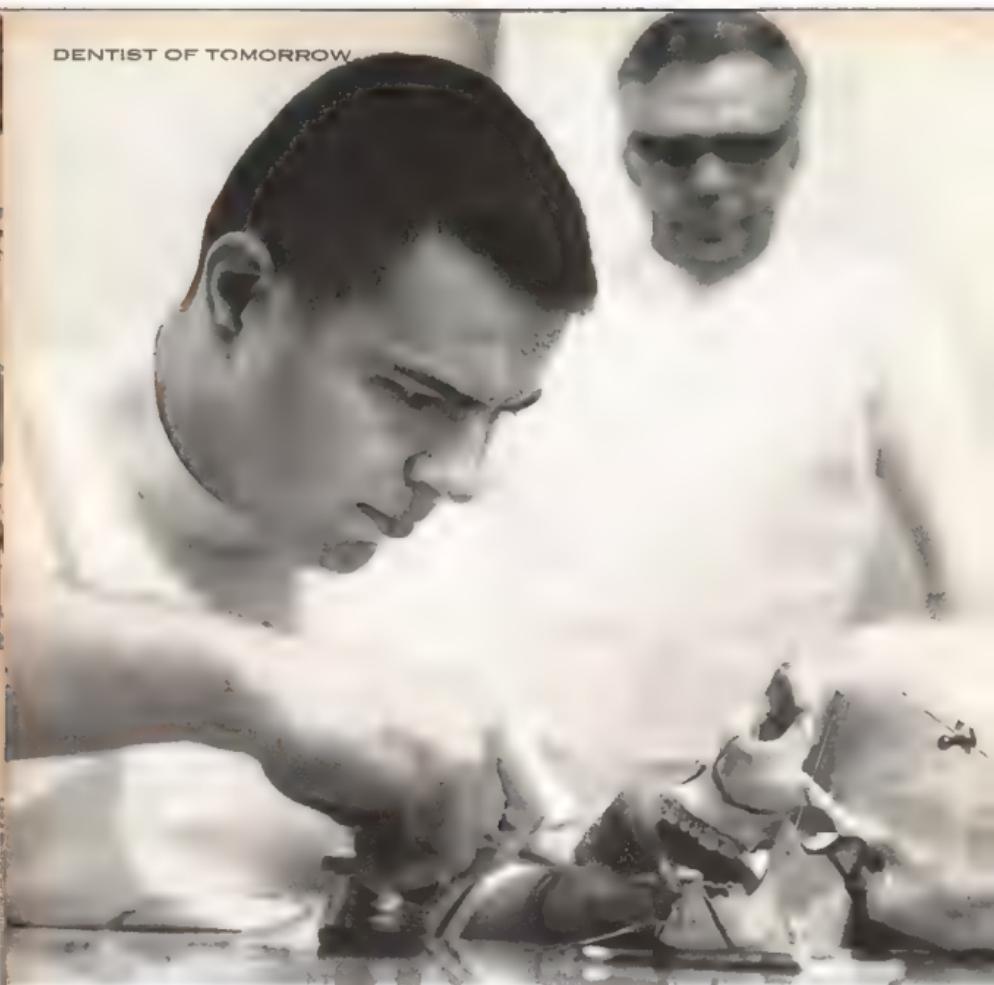
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DOING THEIR TIRESOME THING

MAY you live in interesting times," goes an ancient Chinese curse. The times are certainly interesting enough. Why, then, does there seem to be such a proliferation of bores abroad? One obvious answer is that there are more of them simply because there are more people; a more telling reason may be that there are more bores because there is more communication. The high-speed ricochet of news around the world has been a breakthrough for the bores. Never until now have these trudging pedestrians of the human spirit been able to do their tiresome thing for so many heavy-lidded audiences.

By definition, a bore is someone whose presence or persistence creates in others a galloping case of ennui, an urge to hide in the nearest closet, a yearning to down another martini. The ranks of the world's bores are not limited by hierarchy or elitism; they include both the heroes of the minute, beaming amiably across the tube, as well as the inglorious Miltons who prattle on about stamp collecting. Institutions can be boring, like the Organization of American States, and so can events. Is it possible for even the most politicized Italian to care any more about those endless Cabinet crises in Rome?

A bore may earn his title for reasons other than his innately yawn-provoking characteristics. Whatever Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis is like as a private person is irrelevant; as a public personage she has become for many people a colossal bore. Jackie with hemline up, Jackie with hemline down Jackie and Ari at Maxim's, Jackie shopping on the Via Gregoriana, the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Madison Avenue. What could be more tiresome?

Since the demand for news of Jackie is obviously there, it may be that the Jackie watchers are the real bores. If overexposure has dimmed her luster as a public figure, too much print and portraiture has done even greater damage to the staying power of other notables. Consider the following, who are all but universally regarded as public bores:

HUGH HEFNER, who has spared no expense to disseminate his *Playboy* philosophy of name-brand hedonism among the taboo-haunted unswingers of the Western world.

ANDY WARHOL, who struck out boldly into the high and far-off hinterlands of tedium to develop its commercial possibilities as entertainment in the name of avant-garde and to create himself in his own image.

JOHN AND YOKO ONO LENNON, who have collaborated in making over the No. 1 Beale from a witty and light-hearted songwriter into a salvation-dispensing preacher for peace and porn.

RICHARD AND ELIZABETH BURTON, an older couple who have worked hard to convert themselves from stimulating theatricalities into citizens as solid, square-cut and chunky as the diamonds they collect.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN, whose indisputable composing and conducting talents are so often obscured by his passion for lecturing audiences about the mystical significance of certain quarter notes.

JOSEPH ALSOR, a columnist who has so often predicted U.S. victory in Indochina that it may come as a letdown to his readers if it actually occurs.

These are all men and women in the public domain whose impact is not inimical or repugnant but merely tiresome. There are, of course, countless others. Johnny Carson, Joe Namath out of uniform, David and Julie, Barbra Streisand, Norman Podhoretz, Norman Mailer, at least half the time. And, too often these days, Paul VI, the Pope, as some Italians have it, "who kills one bird with two stones."

Then there are people who bring to the eye not a

glint of fury but the glaze of fatigue: marches, confessors and baronets. Weathermen, Gabor, psychologists with pipes, Latin American colonels. Politicians run a tremendous risk of becoming bores. One might argue that the unstoppable mouth of Hubert Humphrey bored the public into defeating him. As for President Nixon, even those who find his personality less than stimulating have not been bored by his recent television appearances. The Vice President is far from tiresome. A case, though, could be made that he heads the list of the world's proboscis: Jane Fonda picketing for a noble cause, Ralph Nader savaging yet another industry.

The modern landscape, alas, is littered with institutions, customs and conventions that, however much can be said for them, are more than a bit of a drag. Opinion polls, for instance, the ecumenical movement; Swedish sex films; the Sunday *New York Times*; balance of payment deficits. Women's Lib polemics. Award ceremonies—Oscar, Tony, Emmy, Obie, Misses America, Universe and World.

Even if it were somehow possible to escape all these public and visible affronts to the sense of delight and surprise, there is still the common-or-garden bore to contend with, Girl Scouts selling stale cookies door-to-door, Taxi-driving monologuists. The jargon-droppers waving about words like "viable," "feedback" and "parameter," or those who groove excessively on a Now vocabulary of "rap," "uptight," "right on" and "----." Rare indeed is the American who does not number among his near and dear someone who a) has just discovered the mystical virtues of analysis or Esalen or macrobiotic dieting b) cannot refrain from enlisting friends on behalf of some intimate obsession, whether it be snowmobile racing, Australian wines, wife swapping or Zen.

The seeming prevalence of name-brand bores in the U.S. may well be a reflection on the nation's collective social health. As historians have noted, tiresomeness has usually been a problem for leisure-full cultures at an incipient state of decay—France under Louis XVI, for example. The scarcely concealed antipathy of so many people to so many names and newsmakers may therefore be an index to a sense of where Americans, as a people, really are. On the other hand, the communications explosion may have contributed temporarily to a "sensory overload"—too much, in brief, of too many good things. The dedicated bore hater can escape the irritating presence of public clods by switching off the TV, canceling his subscriptions and moving to the farther reaches of exurbia. But how many today have the hermit's vocation?

As for private bores, poor things, they can only be dealt with by avoidance and endurance. Faced with the inescapable presence of, say, a dogged propagandist for urban renewal, the trapped recipient of so much stockpiled truth might remind himself, fleetingly, of G.K. Chesterton's argument that bores are really the worthy, enthusiastic, outgoing salt of the earth; it is the people who are bored who are really mean-spirited and carping. "When Byron had divided humanity into the bores and the bored," Chesterton wrote, "he omitted to notice that the higher qualities exist entirely in bores, the lower qualities in the bored, among whom he counted himself. The bore, by his starry enthusiasm his solemn happiness, may in some sense have proved himself poetical. The bored has certainly proved himself prosaic. What this suggests is that both bores and bored are ineradicable realities—like death and taxes."

■ Douglas Auchincloss



JACQUELINE ONASSIS



HUGH HEFNER



ANDY WARHOL



JOSEPH ALSOP



ELIZABETH TAYLOR

JOHN LENNON



EDUCATION

The Bad Side of Integration

According to the Justice Department, 97% of Southern black children will attend integrated school systems next fall. For many, the experience will not be pleasant. They will find that thousands of white children have fled to new private "segregation academies." In many cases white school officials have sent public school equipment along with them. Louisiana went a step further last month by approving state financial support for private schools.

Less obvious—and more insidious—is what happens to black students and teachers in some school districts where the terms for desegregation have been

carrying concealed weapons, were back in school the next day. Asked if she would return to an integrated school, Lowanda instantly replied: "Not me." Tyrone Thomas told the Senators that black football players at his integrated high school in Mobile, Ala., are used to carry the ball to "about the 99-yard line." Then the white coach sends in a white player to score the touchdown. Blacks at another school were refused band instruments and told that the band uniforms were "at the cleaners."

George Fischer, president of the National Education Association, described the plight of black educators, who have been subjected to wholesale demotion

lacked even an office at the school to which he was reassigned. He was a "hall monitor." James Noah, who was head coach at all-black C. M. Washington High School in Thibodaux, La., had 16 years of successful football behind him when he was "integrated"—transferred to a formerly all-white high school and made assistant coach on the "B" team. White officials explain that there are simply not enough comparable jobs to go around, and invariably find the whites better qualified. One favorite ploy is to assign a relocated black to teach a subject in which he has no certification. Then he is closely observed and fired for incompetence.

Pointed Over. Desegregation for many black students simply means schools run by hostile whites instead of sympathetic blacks. One result, a crushing loss of status for middle-class black educators, who have provided the black South with a sense of pride and leadership. A final "tragic consequence of desegregation," in the words of the N.E.A. report, "is the forfeiture of school spirit and group identity. Left behind to be stored, scattered or abandoned are trophies, pictures, plaques, and every symbol of black identity, of black students' achievements." For one black school in Louisiana, the wonders of integration were symbolized by the fate of a large mural depicting Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver. When whites took control of the building, they wasted no time in painting it over.

The Student as President

As one antidote to campus disorder, dozens of U.S. colleges have lately invited students to share the chores of administration. Key faculty committees boast voting student members; boards of trustees bloom with recent graduates. Now the trustees of New Hampshire's Franconia College have gone a step farther. They have just named a graduate student as the school's new president. His is Leon Botstein—age 23.

The move was entirely appropriate for Franconia, a tiny (enrollment 250) experimental college that has given its students a major voice in charting their studies ever since it opened in 1963. "We're not taking Leon because he's 23," says Dartmouth College Chaplain Paul W. Rahmeyer, chairman of Franconia's trustees, "nor would we avoid him because he's 23." Botstein was chosen, the trustees maintain, because he was the best man. And he was not chosen by the board alone; a search committee of students, faculty and trustees interviewed him and recommended his appointment.

Mixed Results. For Botstein, who is completing his Ph.D. in history at Harvard and this year served as a special assistant to the president of the New York City Board of Education, Franconia will be a challenge, to say the least. Botstein will be the school's fourth president since 1963. Franconia's current president, Larry Lemmel, is quitting because the job kept him away



McCoy

LOVETTE

THOMAS

Jim Crow at the 99-yd. line.

determined unilaterally by local white school boards. In recent testimony before the Senate Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, five young blacks and an official of the National Education Association described a bleak pattern of "internal segregation," which produces separate classrooms, separate lunch and gym periods and even separate bells so that blacks and whites will not use the halls at the same time. In Louisiana's DeSoto Parish, buses pick up blacks at 5:30 a.m. so that white students can later ride separately. One white teacher herds all his black students into a corner of the classroom and turns his back on them while he teaches.

"Being in an integrated school is like being in a hostile jungle," Lowanda Lovette told the committee. "If you start to question any of the rules, you are called a Communist, or you are just a black militant who is going totally insane. You can't really learn." Lowanda, 17, was expelled from a newly integrated high school in Rocky Mount, N.C., after taking part in a racial melee. Two whites, charged with

or dismissal throughout much of the South. The N.E.A. estimates that at least 5,000 principals and teachers have been affected since desegregation began in 1954. The trend may accelerate during the Justice Department's current integration push. The Mississippi Teachers Association, a black group, claims that 1,500 teachers who worked in the state this past school year will be unemployed next fall.

N.E.A. field studies in Mississippi and Louisiana turned up some appalling cases. Until last summer, Fred McCoy was principal of the all-black Midway Elementary School in Natalbany, La. Integration closed his school, and he was assigned to teach a fourth-grade class at a formerly all-white school—in the morning. In the afternoon, he was expected to do janitor's chores in the school latrines. At least McCoy kept busy. A black former principal in Louisiana has been given a desk to sit at but no title or duties that he has been able to determine.

Wisdom Coleman, once principal of a high school in Greenwood, Miss.,

"You go along with your banker's advice once, twice, three times—and when he's always right, you get to be a believer."

of popular-priced food packages. He held many international patents on baking equipment and devised the first constant-flow, one-floor baking process. He was one of the best-known bakers in the country.

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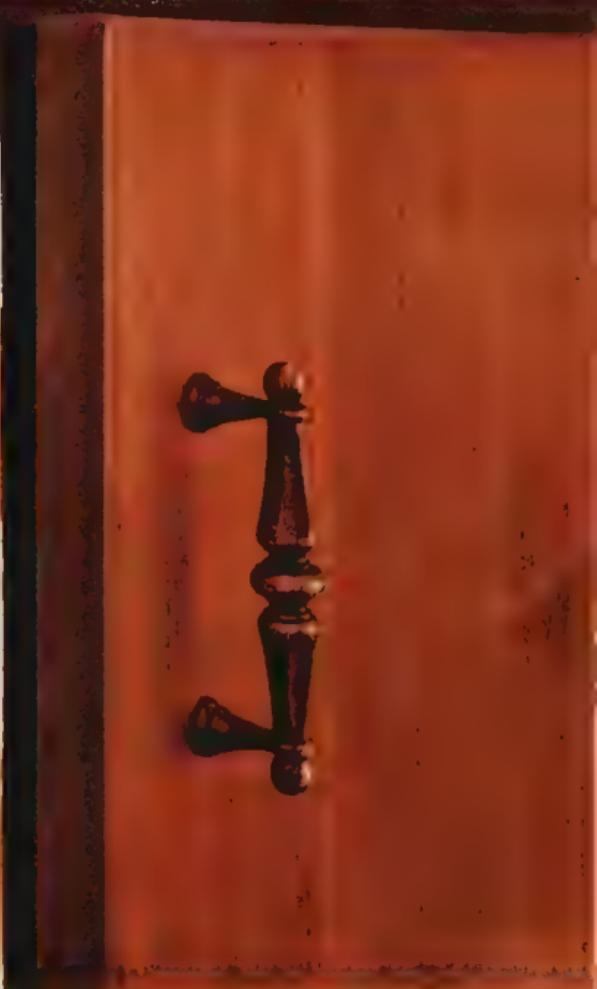
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(2) Americano (Three oz. Sweet M&R over ice cubes. Three dashes Campari bitters. Fill with soda. Add lemon peel).
(3) Sweet M&R on the Rocks (4) Extra Dry M&R on the Rocks.
(5) Manhattan on the Rocks (6) Martini on the Rocks.

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from his family and scholarly pursuits.

Located on the site of a former resort hotel in northern New Hampshire, Franconia is spiritually somewhere between *Alice's Restaurant* and *Alice in Wonderland*. The place abounds with tutorials and individual projects. Freed from formal departments and competition for tenure (there is none), teachers shape their courses to their own interests and those of their students. Results have been mixed. Courses range from imaginative interdisciplinary projects to haphazard bull sessions. Some students, who seemed unable to learn anything at conventional colleges, have blossomed at Franconia. Others have found license as unsatiable as control.

Franconia is not fully accredited and is financially in the red. Students freely transfer in and out of the col-



LEON BOTSTEIN

Entirely appropriate experiment

lege; though the school was changed from a junior college to a four-year institution in 1965, it has still granted only 25 bachelor's degrees. Since scholarship funds are very limited, the annual cost (\$3,800) discourages all but the well-to-do. In addition to these problems, Botstein must overcome the difficulties of his age. He will be younger than most of his faculty and some of his students as well.

Still, he is optimistic. "A lot of us get too concerned about the permanence of institutions and pay too little attention to what they do," he says. He counts on the school's experimental aura to engage students in a day when colleagues increasingly regard traditional education as "irrelevant." If Franconia can awaken more and more students to their own capacities, Botstein believes the problems of funding and accreditation can be solved. However he fares, Botstein is firmly convinced that a president should never become inseparably tied to one institution. He expects to retire before he is 30, "to start from the bottom somewhere else."

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What the Police Can—And Cannot—Do

MILLIONS of Americans in 1970 are gripped by an anxiety that is not caused by war, inflation or recession—important as those issues are. Across the U.S., the universal fear of violent crime and vicious strangers—armed robbers, packs of muggers, addict burglars ready to trade a life for heroin—is a constant companion of the populace. It is the cold fear of dying at random in a brief spasm of senseless violence—for a few pennies, for nothing.

Last fall the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence painted an eerie picture of the urban future: downtown areas deserted after dark save for police patrols, apartment buildings ringed by private guards, whole cities terrified of strangers and infused with a fortress mentality. From Baltimore to Los Angeles, that future is closer at hand than anyone imagined. Banks and department stores are building inside parking garages to reduce muggings of nighttime workers. Downtown restaurants and theaters are closing early for lack of business. Vigilante groups and private security agencies are flourishing. Half the nation's 60 million households contain at least one gun.

To be sure, Americans are several times more likely to be hurt in auto accidents or household mishaps than to be raped, robbed or murdered. Only about 10% of robbery victims are badly injured; fewer than 1% are killed. The nation's well-being is far more insidiously undermined by embezzlers, price fixers and organized racketeers than by muggers or car thieves. But that is cold comfort. The "war on crime" is beginning to look as unwinnable as the one in Indochina. The latest FBI statistics show a 13% rise in serious crimes during the first three months of 1970

Worse, the most crime-prone segment of the population—poor urban youths aged 15 to 24—will increase disproportionately at least until 1975. Sheet demography adds a racial factor: half the nation's blacks are under 21. Though victims of black crime are overwhelmingly black, it is chiefly young black males who commit the most common interracial crime: armed robbery.

Frustrated Minority

After a decade of assorted riots, the nation's 400,000 policemen are armed with more lethal weapons than some of history's major wars required plus Mace and Pepper Fog, undercover agents, computers and helicopters. The best cops have also learned new techniques for cooling crowds instead of using those weapons. Yet street crime—the worst problem—is so rampant that police are fast becoming the nation's most frustrated minority. In fact, roughly half of all serious crimes are never reported often because numbed victims expect no help from overburdened police. Between 70% and 80% of police effort is spent not on crime but on hushing blaring radios, rescuing cats and administering first aid. Countless additional police hours are wasted on crimes without true victims like drunkenness and gambling. Even the best police work is undone by clogged courts and punitive prisons that breed more crime. Of all reported major offenses, the experts say only 12% lead to arrests, only 6% to convictions and only 1% to prison. Thus in the U.S. today, the chances of being punished for a serious crime are three in 100. Moreover, one-third of the inmates released from the nation's so-called correctional system later commit other crimes.

To help meet these challenges, the

Federal Government is funneling a record \$268 million to local lawmen this year—four times last year's outlay. More controversially, Congress and state legislatures are considering measures that would allow police to expand wiretapping and enter suspicious dwellings without knocking. In most areas, public opinion has seldom been so pro-cop. A recent Gallup poll revealed that a majority of Americans view crime control as their No. 1 priority, and even long-time dissenters are beginning to have second thoughts. Though many radicals still think of police as "pigs"—with some justification in a number of cities—liberals who used to minimize crime are now recognizing that police have a serious task on their hands. Large numbers of blacks, realizing that crime victimizes them more often than any other group, are clamoring for more protection. Here and there voters are even giving police political power. Ex-cops are now city councilmen in Los Angeles, New York and Seattle. In Minneapolis last fall Detective Charles Stenig was elected mayor by a landslide. And in city after city, police associations are winning ever-larger voices in municipal management.

All the law-and-order clamor has yet to do much for police morale—and is unlikely to. Criminologists, lawyers and thoughtful police officials are gradually recognizing that police problems go deeper than Supreme Court decisions that allegedly handcuff cops, and beyond the constant risk of sudden death in defense of unappreciative citizens. Nor is the real trouble the continuing emergence of new social abrasions—the mushrooming growth of hard-drug addiction, the bombings of urban buildings (four embassies in Washington were blasted last week), the crescendo of ri-



D C RIOT SQUAD ON GUARD DURING NOVEMBER ANTIWAR DEMONSTRATION

About Crime

ots and demonstrations unmatched since the 1930s

These days the malaise is deeper. The realization is growing that even the best police work, as it is currently set up in the U.S., is little more than a symbolic response to crime. Police can do little to prevent the creation of criminals. The dark reservoirs of anger and disappointment besetting the nation inevitably erupt into violence, a society flush with consumer goods, multiples crime incentives and opportunities. In short, crime has taken on a chronic quality that seems beyond the power of the present police system to change.

All these pressures are compounded in Washington, D.C., one of the world's most crime-ridden seats of government. No major American city has a larger share (7.3%) of black residents, few cities live in greater fear or ask more of their police. In an average week last year, the nation's seventh largest city recorded five homicides, six rapes, 200 auto thefts, 238 robberies and 442 burglaries. In the first quarter of 1970, crime in the capital rose 21.7%, far faster than it did in the nation as a whole. Churches have hired guards to protect ushers from being robbed after taking the Sunday collection. Tourists are advised not to leave their hotels alone after dark. Throughout the city the victims of crime range from presidential aides and foreign diplomats to black merchants and mothers on welfare.

Whatever their rank or race, all share a common demand: better police protection. In fact, they are slowly getting it—thanks mainly to the tireless efforts of Jerry Vernon Wilson, chief of the D.C. Metropolitan Police Department. In many ways, Wilson has the toughest police job in the U.S. Under intense political pressure, he must not only use a

predominantly white force to curb crime in a black city but also cope with Washington's frequent mass demonstrations, such as last weekend's Honor America Day (see *THE NATION*). A tall North Carolinian of 42, Wilson is a self-educated man with a slow drawl, a quick mind, limitless cool—and a brutal candor that is almost unique among the nation's defensive bluecoats. His men often feel so dejected, he admits, that "there's a tendency to say, 'Oh well, just another robbery,' and not respond as we should."

The hot summer for which Wilson is bracing threatens to be enflamed by mob violence as well as street crime. Keeping mass demonstrations from turning into ugly rampages is Wilson's specialty. His method is not blind force but simple astuteness. At first, his approach made Attorney General Mitchell and his staff skeptical. But when the Justice Department briefed police forces around the country last month on the subject of summer demonstrations, it distributed a detailed description of Wilson's "model" methods.

Disciplined Ranks

Instead of restricting mass functions like the May 9 antiwar protest, Wilson begins his work by aiding them. He considers it part of his job to uphold the constitutional rights of free speech, petition and assembly. His staff participates in negotiations with march leaders that help coordinate city-provided toilet facilities, first-aid stations and speakers' platforms. Demonstrators are encouraged to train their own marshals to take the brunt of the policing. When the action starts, busloads of special riot-control squads are parked out of sight; visible officers usually wear no riot equipment. Though all officers avoid arrests as far as possible, minor violators are occasionally photographed, tracked down and arrested later.

For major events, Wilson takes command on the streets himself. When a

few antiwar extremists refused to leave the Justice Department steps last November, he hurled the first canister of tear gas, then led his men in disciplined ranks down Constitution Avenue behind the fleeing protesters. Later, after Wilson used his bullhorn to order an unruly crowd from DuPont Circle, a middle-aged woman who lived near by asked why he did not use more force. Said Wilson, "Madam, before I answer your question, let me tell you one. Are you prepared to be arrested? I just ordered this area cleared." The woman scuttled off.

"The use of violence," Wilson says dryly, "is not the job of police officers." Blacks, whites and Congressmen of both parties are pleased by Wilson's aplomb. As one young longhair put it: "He's very definitely a non-neurotic pig."

Street crime, Wilson concedes, is less tractable. His basic approach is to flood difficult areas with highly qualified, tightly supervised patrolmen. His force is still 500 men short of its authorized strength of 5,100, but Wilson has intensified recruiting—in part by using a Pentagon program that releases servicemen five months early if they sign up to be cops. Thanks to his extensive lobbying before Congress, starting salaries have been raised to \$8,500 (his own salary is \$28,500). Wilson also lacks the usual police reluctance to use brainy officers; this fall he expects to have 50 recent graduates of Ivy League colleges on the streets, including the Harvard-educated son of Writer Ring Lardner. Most of them were recruited by one of the nation's first such cops, David Durk (see box, page 42).

Wilson hopes to have a full force by the end of this month. Meantime, he has increased the number of men on the beat by paying his officers to work an average 14 hours' overtime each week. He has made each of his six district inspectors personally responsible for cutting crime in his own area; two

WILSON TOSSING TEAR GAS AT EXTREMISTS



have been transferred in the past two months. Since fast response produces fast arrests—one of the few workable crime deterrents—Wilson has installed an elaborate computer system that pinpoints high-crime blocks for more efficient patrolling. In the most turbulent areas, he has increased the saturation of foot patrolmen. Using two-way radios (\$875 each), officers can question the computers about a suspect's record and get an answer in one minute. Wilson pays radio dispatchers bonuses for instant action. One man recently got \$350 for particularly fast descriptions that snagged five fleeing robbers. He also monitors the traffic on his own police radio and curtly demands written reports when he hears dispatchers or patrolmen responding too slowly.

To keep lines open to the city's blacks, Wilson attends community meetings about three evenings a week. He has increased the number of black patrolmen on his force, from 25% two years ago

can make to racial peace in his city. Wilson's stress on service and sensitivity is not always translated into better behavior on the beat. Julius Hobson, a local black militant, claims that many D.C. cops are as harsh as ever to the black and the poor—except that "they are more clever than they used to be and usually hold back if there are cameras around." Though most of Wilson's men admire his brains and courage, subordinates have been known to blunt his directives. His order to avoid minor arrests during the November demonstrations was never announced to the cops in one district—they read about it in the newspapers. When he publicly criticized his men for overreacting to unruly demonstrators recently, the Washington Patrolmen's Association passed a resolution suggesting that he was not backing them.

"Well now," he wrote in a seven-page reply, "I don't stand behind my

dropped out of ninth grade, lied about his age and served for three years on a Navy minesweeper in World War II. Before his 17th birthday, he was a gunner's mate with five battle stars for preinvasion sweeps from Anzio to Okinawa.

He was bored by his first 15 months as a cop—in the Marine Corps military police. After returning to Belmont to finish high school, he recalls, "I thought about being a lawyer until the school superintendent told me that lawyers were a dime a dozen." Instead, he joined the D.C. police in 1949. For six months he walked a somnolent beat in Georgetown, quietly arresting occasional drunks. Then, transferred to a clerk's job in the station house, Wilson taught himself a rare police skill: typing. Sixteen years, five promotions and numerous training courses later, he was working as head of the understaffed planning division—and chafing at the department's shortcomings.

When Lyndon Johnson set up a commission to probe D.C. crime, Wilson became the department's liaison man. The commission's members included Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, now Secretary of State. They ranked the D.C. police as one of the worst managed in the nation, but were pleased with Wilson's receptivity to fresh ideas. Soon commission members began using their influence on Wilson's behalf. Over the objections of then Police Chief John Layton, Wilson became assistant chief in charge of field operations in 1968. Last summer, Layton was pressured to step aside, and Wilson became chief. "I am for change," he announced, "not the status quo."

Challenging Assignments

More like a Cabinet member than a cop, Wilson heads for work each morning at 7:15 in a car chauffeured by a police cadet. He speed-reads memos on the way. His office is furnished in Danish modern and hung with paintings on loan from the National Gallery of Art. He spends most days meeting subordinates and staging occasional unannounced inspection tours. At night, the officer on duty alerts him to emergencies, he is called four or five times a month.

His social life consists of playing with his two sons, Brian, 9, and Kevin, 4, mowing his lawn and reading Kipling, textbooks on sociology, psychology and oil drilling—a subject that fascinates his precise mind. Occasionally he attends embassy parties with his wife Leone, a former police stenographer. She gets a kick out of it," Wilson allows. Before driving off in their black 1970 Ford, the Wilsons carefully lock the doors and windows of their house in Northwest Washington. They have yet to be robbed.

For a while this winter, Wilson thought that other citizens might soon enjoy the same good luck. The growth rate of Washington crime dipped for



idle inmates at Detroit's crowded Wayne County jail

One out of three commit other crimes

to 35% now—including two deputy chiefs. Nearly half his rookies in training are black. But, unlike other police chiefs, he has downplayed mere public relations. He knows only too well that a chief's lectures to community groups can be quickly undercut by incidents like one last year in which a white policeman fatally shot a black robbery suspect. The victim turned out to be an undercover cop.

So far, Wilson's white officers have been trained to treat blacks decently mainly as a matter of self-protection. A mistreated kid, for example, may hurt a cop when he gets big and dangerous. But ultimately, as Wilson sees it, every man on the beat must go beyond self-interest and somehow learn to see himself as a servant of all citizens—blacks as well as whites. Fast police response in the ghetto, Wilson thinks, is the best contribution that police

men. I stand in front of them. You know very well that I have had as many invectives and rocks thrown in my proximity as any 20 of those 200 men who unanimously voted to deplore my actions. I have done this so that I will know what goes on. I sincerely believe that if a chief of police wants to have the credibility in the government and the community to effectively support his men, then he must have the guts to recognize when things are done imperfectly and to stand up and say "We must improve."

Wilson is one of a new breed of top cops who have risen to command through administration instead of traditional detective work. "He's not a cop's cop, but a community cop," says one longtime observer of U.S. police departments. Yet Wilson's earliest thrill was for rough-and-tumble action. The son of a baker in Belmont, N.C., he

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"A key part of such a system is establishing in a computer a profile of every customer of a firm, including how he wants his account handled, what his investment objective is, what form payment will take, and how his

securities are to be transferred. That way, the computer can catch errors before they are made.

"Another innovation became a reality this year. We call it BAS, meaning Block Automation System. It's a kind of closed-circuit television network that enables institutional investors and their member firm brokers to find the other side of a trade when they want to buy or sell blocks. All the information goes through a computerized system at the Exchange. It preserves anonymity. And it's fast and efficient.

"The cost of this ambitious program is tremendous. We estimate member firms and the Exchange have been automating at the rate of \$100 million a year, and we're planning 10 years ahead so we'll be ready if the predictions of 60-million share days prove valid in the 1980s.

"While there's good momentum behind this automation today, we're wrestling with five industry-wide questions:



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2. Continued improvement in back-office paper handling by more automation and new methods in member firms.

3. How to provide central clearing for over-the-counter stocks, which have been primarily responsible for paperwork problems in brokers' offices in times of high volume.

4. How to develop a system of machine-readable documents, including a new kind of certificate, that can be read by a computer for speed and accuracy.

5. Tying together, with automation, all those who have a hand in processing an order, from broker's office to clearance and delivery, including CCS, with the Exchange trading floor as the electronic bridge. The idea is to have one action trigger the next, to keep your transaction moving along smoothly and efficiently.

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BROOKLYN SLUM ERUPTING OVER UNCOLLECTED GARBAGE
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five straight months. Unfortunately, the growth resumed in May, when crime jumped 5%. Such is the baffling cycle of success followed by failure that police chiefs face across the country. Among the most challenging urban assignments

Detroit's chief of seven months, Patrick V. Murphy, 49, Washington's director of public safety until last year, was one of the strongest influences on Wilson's outlook. In Detroit, Murphy confronts the anger of white patrolmen against blacks: a year ago, two white cops were shot outside a meeting of black militants last month the two remaining suspects were acquitted. To help broaden police minds, Murphy has ordered all officers to complete one year of college before being eligible for promotion and has initiated far-reaching management studies. To curb police shooting, Murphy uses subtle techniques. For one, sergeants must now write reports every time one of their men is involved in gunfire. Sergeants do not like writing reports and instruct their men accordingly.

CHICAGO's Police Superintendent James Conlisk, 51, has learned a lot. His department's image was not helped by the policemen who sprayed shots indiscriminately during a raid on the city's Black Panther headquarters last December. But Conlisk's handling of the "Days of Rage" organized last fall by the Weatherman faction of the SDS was restrained enough to be cited by the National Commission on Violence as a polar opposite to the "police riot" that scarred the city during the 1968 Democratic Convention. Reportedly under orders from Mayor Richard Daley, Conlisk recently made the department's recruit training the most thorough in the nation, inserting five mandatory college-credit courses in the behavioral sciences and law enforcement.

PHILADELPHIA's Frank Rizzo, 49, has one of the most crisply managed departments in the nation. "You get tough, and we'll get tougher," he tells militants. Rizzo orders officers to avoid provocations by not using their patrol-car si-

rens during tense times, when civil disturbances threaten, he dispatches black officers, who are part-time ministers to spread calming advice in the ghetto. His men make arrests for 40% of the crimes reported to them, twice the national average. Philadelphia's crime rate is the lowest of the nation's ten largest cities. When the city's pioneering civilian review board was disbanded last December, Rizzo was delighted, confident that he had already made his own departmental board more rigorous. It fired more men in a recent nine-month period than the civilian board had in nine years. Rizzo is now the odd-on favorite to succeed Mayor James Tate when Tate steps down next year.

NEW YORK's 32,000 "finest" became more efficient when Commissioner Howard Leary put 2,000 more patrolmen on the street by hiring civilians to do desk jobs and installed the nation's first system enabling citizens to dial 911 for all emergencies. Leary's men have earned commendations from the New York Civil Liberties Union for their restrained handling of demonstrations. But discipline can still break down, as it did two months ago, when the cops stood by on Wall Street while hundreds of hardhats beat up pedestrians as well as peace demonstrators. Leary has been unable to change hidebound promotion policies that, critics charge, still give credit for blood donations but not for educational advancement. Because the finest stubbornly protect one another, Mayor John Lindsay recently appointed a special citizens' commission to investigate the extent of police graft—and thereby provoked the patrolmen's association into trying to block the probe in court.

The biggest problem facing Wilson and his peers is how to mobilize citizen cooperation. When cops see the world as "them and us," crime prevention is difficult; when people trust police, leads and information on crime flow in and the job gets easier. Fortunately, some cops are freshly conscious of the need to overcome their own isolation. Se-

attle police recently pacified student demonstrators by affixing daffodils to their nightsticks. On Atlanta's Peachtree Street, where police and hippies once tangled, young officers have persuaded young civilians to help combat the use of hard drugs. When the department recently opened a store-front precinct station, officers gamely let two hippies emblazon the plate-glass window with the legend "Pig Pen."

Peace, Not War

In Los Angeles, Chief Edward Davis is trying to end the aloofness of squad-car cops by slowing the rapid rotation of police assignments. He hopes that citizens will get to know the cops for a change, and even support them. That idea is being carried out most fully in smaller cities, which are experimenting with "team deployment." In the new Denver suburb of Lakewood, for instance, all cops now look like anti-cops. Called "agents," most of them have college degrees and all wear biazers; they leave their nightsticks in their patrol cars, and will soon operate in neighborhood squads virtually without orders from headquarters. Similar teams in Syracuse introduce themselves to local residents by holding neighborhood kaffeeklatsches. In one spectacular case, two young gunmen held up a Syracuse motel and fled. The police dispatcher got more than a dozen calls from residents who described the fugitives in detail: team cops caught the culprits ten blocks away.

Unfortunately, such police innovation is still rare in the U.S. More than half the nation's 40,000 departments consist of one man with scant training and fewer resources. At the other extreme, big-city departments often become as isolated as Tibetan kingdoms. Unlike business, virtually all police forces discourage applicants for middle-manage-ment jobs by hiring only rookies or

SHOOTING CASUALTY IN CONNECTICUT



chiefs; as a result, most graduates of new college police programs shun local forces for jobs with the FBI or private guard agencies. The effect shows. No police chief is listed in *Who's Who*.

While police salaries have improved, the average patrolman's maximum weekly pay is still only about \$149, compared with \$233 for electricians. Although policemen recruited from the armed services or the ghettos are making cops more representative of the people they serve, a few have brought bellicose attitudes and drug problems with them. Chief Wilson's force has its share of both. Other difficulties can be formidable. In New York and California, black patrolmen are threatening to arrest white officers who allegedly beat up black prisoners. Moderate citizens in several cities have filed lawsuits charging police undercover agents with indiscriminate prying into the activities of peaceful demonstrators. In an age of intense diversity, police often fail to understand that their real job is not war but peace—or that unnecessary force makes counter-violence seem legitimate.

Beyond Police Power

Given the limits of police performance and the nation's slowness to combat social causes of crime, such as ghetto crowding and appalling schools, what else can be done? A lot. The most obvious suggestion is a federal law that would further discourage gun ownership by requiring registration not only of rifles (mandatory since 1968) but also of all the nation's 90 million-odd guns, which perform 63% of homicides and are crucial in many other crimes. Among other possible reforms:

REDEFINE CRIME The most fruitless police task is enforcing laws against drunkenness, drug abuse, gambling, homosexuality and prostitution, most of which are crimes in name only. Half the arrests made in the U.S. are for public drunkenness. Banning vice drives up its price, creates a rich market for underworld operators and makes it necessary—in the case of dope—for addicts to finance their habits by stealing. Systematic bribes from pushers, pimps and bookies are probably the most important source of police corruption.

From police chiefs to the drafters of the American Law Institute's *Model Penal Code*, reformers argue that legislators would strike a key blow against crime by repealing vice laws and providing more rehabilitation facilities for addicts and alcoholics. This would help free police to concentrate on the crime that matters most. On Manhattan's Bowery, for example, a pioneering program has cut arrests for drunkenness-related offenses by 80%. Now derelicts are given the choice of admission to a health center, about 67% accept.

REORGANIZE POLICE SOCIAL WORK Because most social agencies work only regular business hours, policemen have to neglect crime fighting for calls involving family fights, complaints against land-

Durk's Gospel

In the past eight months, hundreds of students at Ivy League colleges have listened raptly to the unlikeliest of campus recruiters, a cop. New York City Police Sergeant David Durk, 35, comes on in a button-down shirt, loafers and blunt idealism. "If the thought of seeing a problem on the street and doing something about it appeals to you," he told Harvard undergraduates recently, "become a cop." Surprisingly large numbers of students seem eager to try changing the world in blue uniforms. Most of Durk's recruits are headed for Washington, but scores of others have signed up to take exams in Los Angeles and New York.

"Cops aren't inherently pigs," Durk tells the students. "But insofar as some pigs become cops, it is because you won't do the job yourself." As he talks, Durk studies his audience in search of the toughest-minded do-gooders, the kids who can break down the *machismo* factor in police departments and show that it's not unmanly to care and have compassion." He also points out that police salaries, though still low, are rising in some major cities. For example, Los Angeles rookies get \$9,000,

lords and medical emergencies. Police Expert Charles Rogovin suggests relieving police of these burdens by making city social workers and counseling personnel available 24 hours a day. Alternatively, some police departments are experimenting with specialized units, such as the New York City teams that intervene in marital squabbles (Time, March 23) or the community-service officers in several cities who give drug lectures in schools and help householders who have locked themselves out.

MAKE CRIME INCONVENIENT Bus companies in more than 25 major cities have virtually ended stickups by requiring passengers to deposit exact fares in locked strongboxes. Since more than 40% of stolen cars are left with keys in the ignition, all cars manufactured since April 1 have been equipped with key-warning buzzers. Harvard Urbanologist Edward Banfield urges even stronger incentives. Insurance companies, he says, should stop paying on theft policies to citizens who have not taken simple precautions.

KEEP POLICEMEN OUT OF COURT In most cities, a cop who makes an arrest can waste eight hours of duty time waiting to testify at preliminary hearings, even before a trial begins. The delay discourages arrests and thus encourages crime. In New York, a project first proposed by the nonprofit Vera Institute of Justice has ended much of that idling. In the minor cases that comprise a large portion of arrests, suspects are now checked out at the station house. Of-



THE SERGEANT IN ACTION

which is more than four times as much as the average Peace Corps volunteer earns.

A New York doctor's son, a graduate of Amherst and a doctoral candidate in sociology and public administration at New York University, Durk once thought the practice of law might be his calling. He studied a year at Columbia Law School but disliked his classmates' chatter about money. In 1963, he became a cop for the same reasons he uses to persuade potential recruits. "The social potential of the policeman is incredible—self interest

fenders with firm ties to jobs or families are simply issued summonses to appear at trial, and 95% do so. Policemen are usually back on the street in less than an hour. During its first two years of citywide operation, the system saved 46,000 eight-hour police tours—the equivalent of adding 209 men to the force. Washington has adopted a similar system.

SPEED-UP COURTS When a crime victim must wait up to two years for a trial—a commonplace in big cities—he may drop the charges. Even if he hangs on, witnesses may forget or vanish. Court congestion also spurs prosecutors and judges to swap light sentences for guilty pleas—boosting convictions but pushing

RAP SESSION OUTSIDE ATLANTA'S





EXHORTING HARVARD STUDENTS

merges with public interest. If you dare to think about it," Durk says, "it's your last chance to be a knight errant."

With his quick mind the quotes easily from Dostoevsky, Oscar Lewis and *The American Scholar*, as well as from the police manual, Durk rated first in his detective squad and rose uncommonly fast in the department. Last month he added another accolade to his police record when he received the Judge Jerome Frank Award for policemen who demonstrate "particularly commendable respect for the civil rights of individual citizens."

CRIMINALS back onto the streets. Perhaps worst of all, innocent prisoners who cannot make bail are unjustly punished while they wait.

The Bail Reform Act of 1966 allows federal judges to release many suspects without bail, setting it only if a defendant seems unlikely to return for trial. But the act increased the number of defendants who could commit new crimes while waiting. To cope with such repeaters, the Nixon Administration has argued vigorously for the "preventive detention" clause of its federal and D.C. crime bills. The clause would allow judges to hold a suspect for up to 60 days if they found that he might be dangerous to the community. Many law-

STORE FRONT PRECINCT STATION



His success as a recruiter, made possible by a grant from the National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice, has caused Durk equal pride and frustration. Though he has persuaded many students to want to join the New York City police, for example, not one will be in uniform next fall because the force has a waiting list of applicants who have already qualified under the traditional physical and written requirements. The key factor, Durk maintains, is never tested motivation.

Durk is convinced that a new breed of committed cops could radically change the quality of U.S. law enforcement. Too many officers, he suggests, are insensitive to the needs of the ghetto. "We need policemen who worry about the kid getting raped on the tenement roof, not those who look out of the window of their patrol car and say 'See the animals.' We need more cops who care to identify with the people they are supposed to protect." In a nation where more than 55% of high school graduates now go on to some kind of college, a police department without higher-educated rookies is surely hurting itself. Perhaps more police chiefs as well as collegians should heed Durk's pitch.

YERS oppose preventive detention on constitutional grounds. Adds the National Council on Crime and Delinquency: "The amount of dangerous crime prevented would be very small, and the damage to many nondangerous defendants would be considerable." In addition, opponents argue that the bills' provisions for hearings on a prisoner's detention might ironically clog the courts still farther.

One obvious solution to the problem of crimes committed by those awaiting trial is to provide more judges: President Nixon has requested 50 more judges for the D.C. courts. Delav can also be overcome by legal and political pressure for sound court management. In California, failure to provide trial within 60 days of indictment on felony charges entitles a defendant to a dismissal of his case. With the aid of computer systems that coordinate the appearance of all parties, the average trial is completed in two months.

CORRECT CRIMINALS The nation's neglect of its prisons and youth-probation system produces more and more hardened criminals. Improvements are clearly possible; one project of the California Youth Authority in Sacramento lets all juvenile criminals except murderers, rapists, drug pushers and armed robbers live at home, as long as they participate in a stiff schedule of school, group therapy and counseling. The cost for each participant is eight times that of regular parole with an overburdened and ineffective officer but far cheaper

than institutional boarding, and twice as effective as either.

PAT THE BILLS Federal aid for state and local police agencies—begun in earnest only two years ago—is now the fastest-growing item in the tight federal budget. Nixon has proposed that this year's \$268 million appropriation for the Law Enforcement Assistance Agency be increased to \$480 million next year and Attorney General Mitchell wants \$1 billion in 1972. Many of the first grants, dispensed through Jerry-built state agencies, strayed to low-crime suburbs instead of cities. Nonetheless, the money is being spent with increasing wisdom, and it can not fail to improve a criminal-justice system that still gets only \$6.5 billion a year—barely two-thirds of 1% of the G.N.P. Local taxes for fighting crime will have to go up too. Between 1962 and 1962, the share of local budgets spent for police protection actually dropped from 4.5% to 3.5%; it now stands again at 4.5%. Aside from federal taxes, local police forces now cost the average citizen only a bargain-basement \$14.48 per year.

FIND OUT WHAT WORKS At this point, almost none of the new reforms under way in U.S. police departments and courts are being evaluated to find out whether they are worth their cost. Congress has just short-sightedly denied an increase in funds for the Justice Department's new criminal-justice research institute; the institute's director resigned three months ago. What makes this so foolish is that scores of police departments have no systematic rationale for their present practices: some do not even know how cops spend their time once they leave the station house. Chief Wilson himself is not sure whether his techniques actually reduce crime or merely shift it elsewhere. A year ago, when his men mounted full-time stakeouts at some of the city's most vulnerable banks, holdups dropped drastically—but armed robberies of liquor stores, service stations and individuals increased sharply. No one even knows to what extent crime statistics are rising simply because police forces are working harder and citizens are thus willing to report more crime.

Clearly, much more can be done to sharpen police performance and help curb crime. But in ultimate terms, Jerry Wilson, like other police chiefs, is pessimistic. Despite his successes he strongly suspects that crime will proliferate until Americans begin to ask as much of the courts, the prisons and the schools as they now do of the police. As he put it with typical candor in a recent Senate hearing: "Our criminal-justice system is a failure. We are not preventing crime, we are not apprehending and convicting enough offenders. we are not rehabilitating enough convicts. Until significant progress is made in each of these areas, Wilson believes, it is Pollyannaish to expect a decrease in the crime rate. In fact, the only realistic outlook is for an increase."

ENVIRONMENT



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Sewage Tastes Good Like Water Should

Within 50 years, the U.S.'s demand for fresh water will greatly exceed its supply. Rather than wait for the great thirst, some politicians want to pipe water south from Canada's full rivers much to the Canadians' displeasure. Others propose desalting ocean water, though the cost (about 20¢ per 1,000 gallons) is still high. Relatively speaking, by far the best bet is to recycle sewage water.

"The idea is repulsive to people who do not understand it," says one advocate of reclaimed water, Dr. Roger E. Kasperian of Clark University in Worcester, Mass. Even more repulsive is the fact that the drinking water in 144 of the 155 U.S. cities with a population of more than 25,000 now contains measurable traces of sewage effluents dumped upstream. Americans also squander vast quantities of fresh water to flush away small amounts of wastes. As a result, the nation's water is needlessly polluted at a prodigal rate.

It's Delicious. In a few arid countries like Israel and South West Africa, the people gladly drink reclaimed sewage water. When Prime Minister John Vorster of the Republic of South Africa sampled a glassful at Windhoek's treatment plant last year, he pronounced it "delicious." Americans are not yet so adaptable. President Nixon, offered a similar opportunity at the Hanover Park plant in Illinois, grimaced and said "No, thanks."

Few Americans knowingly drink recycled sewage water, but millions sooner or later imbibe the stuff, though unwittingly. In California, it flows into irrigation ditches from water-treatment plants in Pomona and San Mateo. Else-

where, it is pumped into lakes for storage and recreation use, as in Santeet and Alpine, Calif. In Washington, D.C., water reclaimed at the Blue Plains plant goes back into the seriously polluted Potomac River. In Nassau County, N.Y., it may be used to replenish underground reservoirs. Eventually, all this reclaimed water finds its way to the household tap. By then, its source has been well disguised, and like so much of the U.S.'s potable water, it is contaminated with pesticides.

Absolutely Pure. Unfortunately, most existing U.S. water treatment plants have serious drawbacks. They either produce water loaded with organic nutrients that soon add to water-pollution problems, or else involve as many as three separate—and extremely expensive stages of treatment. Sensing profit in this inefficiency, a handful of companies including Calgon and the Linde Division of Union Carbide, have developed competitive systems. Two civil engineers at New York University, Alan H. Molof and Matthew M. Zuckerman, tested their method at a \$69,962 pilot plant in New Rochelle, N.Y. They send sewage through an alkaline solution that breaks down large organic molecules. Then all the small molecules are adsorbed on activated carbon, a purifying material used in cigarette filters and gas masks. "Though the process needs to be perfected, it promises to be at least one-third cheaper than tertiary treatment," says Dr. Molof. "But its biggest advantage is that it produces absolutely clean water—not less-dirty water."

Most recently, a group of scientists from the Florida Institute of Technology built an \$86,000 treatment plant at Fish-eating Creek in southern Florida. Radioactive cobalt irradiates the sewage without any danger of contamination.

Gamma rays kill all coliform bacteria in the water, which is then filtered and scrubbed clean of particles. The result is as clear, pure and tasteless as distilled water. Dr. David R. Woodbridge, a physicist and one of the method's inventors, says that the process can be used in medium-sized cities and would cost householders about \$3.50 per month more than they are now paying for fresh water. If necessary, tasty additives could be introduced. Presumably, a dash of DDT and a cup of raw sewage would bring the clean water to present U.S. standards.

A Whale of a Failure

Whales are gentle, playful creatures with enormous brains and extraordinary hearing. According to Cetologist Roger S. Payne of the New York Zoological Society, whales communicate with one another by "singing" at deep submarine frequencies, sounding like sitar concertos. Other scientists are trying to discover how whales can dive to 7,000 ft., where the pressure would compress a human lungful of air to a thin fluid, and then resurface with no ill effects. But for all their mystery, whales have interested men mainly because they have oil within their hulks. In the past decade alone, 607,000 have been slaughtered, mostly by the Japanese and Russians. If the pace keeps up much longer, the whale is assured of the same fate as the dodo.

Conservationists look to the 14-nation International Whaling Commission

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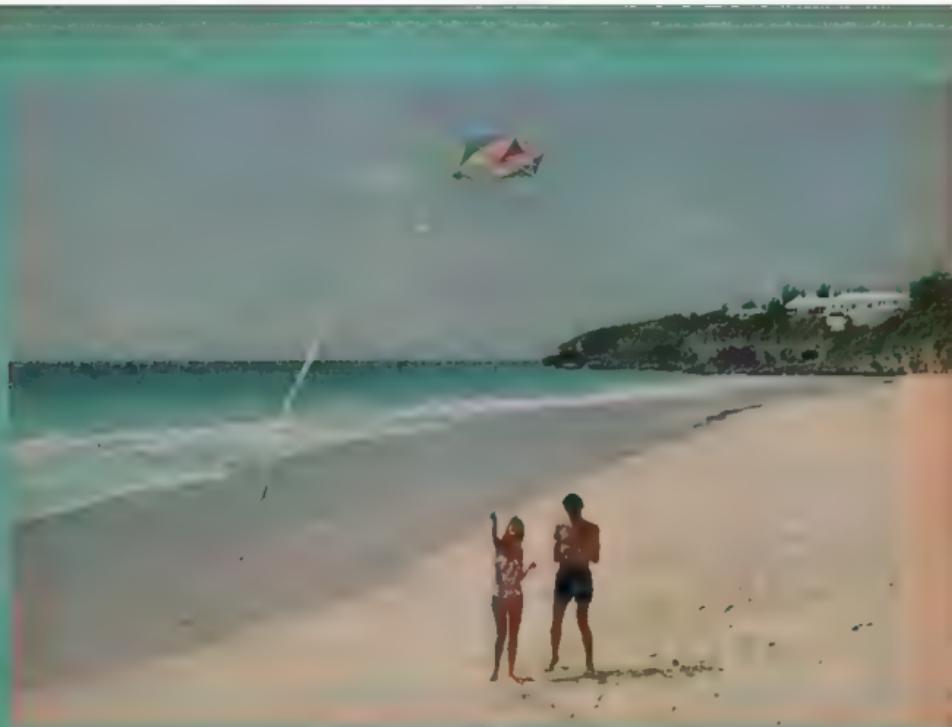
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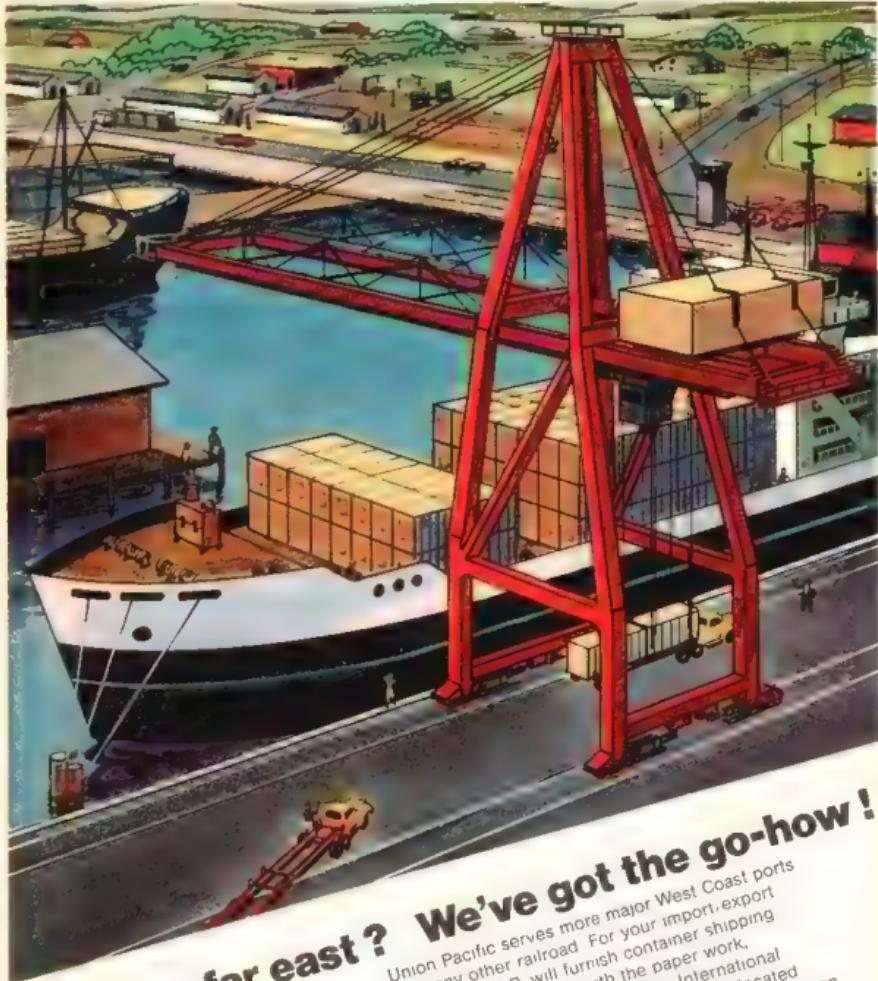
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to regulate the \$150 million industry and reduce the slaughter. But last week after a long conference in London, the agency issued a communiqué that drowned all hopes. Instead of lowering the limits on each year's whale kill, the commission decided to maintain the already absurdly high quotas.

Reckless Harvest. Even worse, quotas for the rich Antarctic waters continue to be based on the average amount of oil in a blue whale. Blues are the largest whales, often growing to 100 ft. in length and weighing 150 tons. Each contains as much oil as two fin whales, 23 humpback whales or six sei whales. The net effect of measuring quotas in oil rather than individual species is that whaling expeditions kill everything that spouts, even the smallest whale has value. This year's Antarctic quota of 2,700 "blue-whale units" will cause more little whales to be killed than ever. The big blues and humpbacks, temporarily "protected" from hunters, are already as rare as whalebone corsets.

The commission did set limits on hunting individual species in the North Pacific, where whalers claim stocks are not yet seriously depleted. Even so, the new limit on sperm whales is totally unrealistic. Working from extremely accurate data, scientists estimate that no more than 4,000 sperm whales can be harvested in 1970 without danger to the species. The commission is permitting 11,551 to be killed.

Iron Laws. Why does the commission condone such overexploitation? Explains Ray Gambell, scientific adviser to the British delegation: "There seemed no point in registering a vote against the high quotas. Otherwise, the whaling nations would just go and do what they wanted without taking heed of any restrictions at all, which would be much worse." As it is, the major whalers—particularly the Russians—steadfastly refuse to allow international observers to inspect their operations, so no one is sure that quotas are not sometimes exceeded.

Where international conservation efforts have patently failed, the iron laws of economics might succeed in saving Leviathan. Only rich nations can afford whaling fleets, equipped with sonar, explosive harpoons and factory ships. But as the standard of living rises in those nations, the demand for whale products drops. In recent years, the number of factory ships has declined from 220 to 80. Moreover, at the enlightened urging of Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel, the U.S. last month placed most whales on the official "endangered species" list. Whale products are now forbidden in the U.S., thus erasing about 20% of the world market. The United Kingdom, France and other wealthy nations might well follow suit. After all, whales are processed into margarine, soap, hand cream, suntan oil, lipstick, paint dryer, car and dog food, shoe polish and fertilizer. There are readily available substitutes for all these uses.

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RELIGION

New Emissary to the Pope

Although the Vatican is not a country but a city-state—and at 108.7 acres, a tiny one—it has its uses in international diplomacy. For rising young careerists, assignment to the Holy See* is a welcome opportunity to develop the graces that they will carry to larger posts. For senior men, it is often a final and extraordinary experience before their retirement from public life.

All 63 countries represented at the Vatican today—among them the Moslem United Arab Republic and Communist Cuba find the papal corridors not only a valuable listening station but strategic position to catch the ear of the leader of 614 million Roman Catholics. The U.S. has not had a man on the spot since 1950, when Myron C. Taylor, President Roosevelt's personal representative to the Holy See, retired. Last week, with the arrival of Henry Cabot Lodge in Rome, official relations with the papacy were resumed—at least in part.

Because of a time-honored American principle, separation of church and state, Lodge's status at the Vatican is deliberately ambiguous. The White House has cautiously cast him as a man with President Richard M. Nixon's "special confidence" who will not reside in Rome but will simply call on the Pope from time to time. Presidential Press Secretary Ron Ziegler described Lodge as Nixon's "personal representative to the

* Vatican City has no foreign office, but the Holy See, the official seat of the Roman Catholic Church, does. Hence diplomatic emissaries are assigned not to "the Vatican" but to "the Holy See."

Holy See," just as Taylor was called. But the Vatican's Secretariat of State dislikes that phrase because it implies a special papal accommodation to the U.S., and has thus far referred to Lodge as the U.S. "Ambassador-at-large to the Holy See."

Useful Intelligence. Whatever the semantic distinctions involved, Lodge's announced function seems clear enough. Not only will he be able to keep an ear cocked for the useful intelligence that passes through the Holy See, but—more important, perhaps—he can tip the U.S. to any impending Vatican moves in such sensitive areas as Third World development and international peace. Conceivably, the Vatican might also help Washington find answers to some of the U.S.'s most troublesome problems, such as peace in Viet Nam and the fate of U.S. prisoners there.

Much of the Vatican's prestige as a listening post for diplomats grows out of its own long experience in the diplomatic arts, going back to the 5th century, when the first pontifical emissary was sent to Constantinople to represent the Pope at the Eastern Roman imperial court. Modern diplomacy came with the Renaissance and Reformation. In 1815, Rome's envoys achieved considerable sway in Europe when the Vatican delegate to the Congress of Vienna, Cardinal Consalvi, won a remarkable concession from the Congress: henceforth a papal nuncio (ambassador) would be the *dean* of the resident diplomatic corps wherever he was accredited.

Even today, 33 nuncios, 29 pro-nuncios and 16 apostolic delegates represent the Holy See abroad. Nuncios and pro-nuncios, sometimes to the distress of local hierarchies, often deal in church matters as well as with the host state. Apostolic delegates—nondiplomatic personnel assigned to countries where the Pope has no official embassy, such as the U.S.—deal primarily in church matters, but can also be channels of other information to the Pope. Much of the information, reported back to Rome, may eventually reach diplomats accredited to the Holy See, other diplomats can only dream of such grass-roots contacts in their host countries.

Temporal Sovereign. It has been the principle of church-state separation that has qualified U.S.-Vatican ties since the nation's birth. In the mid-19th century, the U.S. did have a minister-resident in Rome, because the Pope was then a temporal sovereign, governing much of central Italy as well as Rome. Since then, however, U.S. relations with the Vatican have been less formal. In 1902, William Howard Taft, then Governor of the Philippines, successfully sought the help of Pope Leo XIII in getting Spanish friars in the islands to release their landholdings for redistribution to the Philippine people. Woodrow Wilson visited Pope Benedict XV on his way

home from Versailles. But not until 1939 did President Roosevelt decide to send Protestant Taylor to the Vatican.

The Taylor mission proved useful; it may, for instance, have muted Vatican criticism of the U.S. lend-lease program to the Soviet Union. Yet experts on Vatican diplomacy insist that only through continuous representation, constantly keeping its national viewpoint before the Pope, can a nation reap any real benefit from Vatican representation. France, for instance, apparently strives assiduously to explain to the Vatican its position on the Middle East crisis in the hope of avoiding any public papal criticism. "You don't send a letter explaining or have some fellow stop by," argues Father Robert Graham, author of the book *Vatican Diplomacy*. "You have to be here ramming it through their minds day after day." So far, the U.S. seems unwilling to go quite that far.

Hope for the Homosexual

On Sunday morning, the movie theater on Melrose Avenue in Hollywood is packed. The front rows are filled with a red-robed choir of men and women. Hymnals are distributed; an organ plays. By Hollywood standards, the congregation is run-of-the-mill: middle-aged businessmen, a few boys in rainbow-hued bell-bottoms, muscular types in T shirts, women in assorted styles of pants or skirts, a few motorcycle boys in mustaches and black leather Whites, blacks, Orientals, Chicanos. Prayers are read. From a chair at the side, a husky 30-year-old man in vestments abruptly rises, steps swiftly out in front of the makeshift altar, and, flashing a beguiling, boyish smile, booms out: "If you love the Lord this morning, say 'Amen!'" "Amen!" roar the 700 worshipers



LODGE ARRIVING IN ROME
An ear cocked, an ear caught.



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This happy combination of economy and performance is due mainly to a breakthrough in engine design.

140 CID-OHC 4 & other mysteries.

In all modesty, we can truthfully say that more research, more engineering know-how, and more tech-

nology went into this engine than into any other production engine in our history.

Basically, it's a 140-cubic-inch 90-horsepower overhead-cam four-cylinder engine. The block is die-cast aluminum—a high-silicon aluminum that allows the pistons to run up and down without the iron sleeves that were needed up until now.

The little engine that could.

But that's all technical. What it means, simply, is a nice lightweight engine that is amazingly powerful and responsive in addition to being highly economical.

Also, it revs slowly at cruising speeds, which means that it's quiet. Besides, with

the parts moving slower, they don't wear out as fast. The engine has open-design combustion chambers, to help the fuel burn more completely.

And that in turn reduces pollutants in the exhaust.

The overhead cam means one third fewer moving parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

The engine isn't the only thing that makes Vega great. But that's another story.



VEGA
CHEVROLET

—nearly all of whom are homosexuals. Another service of the Metropolitan Community Church is under way.

The founder and inspiration of the M.C.C. is the Rev. Troy Perry, a homosexual who admits it without embarrassment or shame. Perry preached his first sermon when he was 13, and became a licensed Baptist minister at 15 (a year later he switched to Pentecostalism because he found its kinetic services more to his liking). Though he had his first homosexual experience at nine, he did not accept his sexual orientation until he was 23. By then he was married, the father of two sons and pastor of the Church of God of Prophecy in Santa Ana, Calif. When he finally faced his problem, the district elder to whom he spoke pronounced him demon-possessed and advised him to pray. "I told him I'd pray till I was blue in the face, but it didn't do any good," says Perry.

Finding a Calling. Separated from both his wife and his church, he moved to Hollywood after a hitch in the Army. There, one summer night in 1968, Perry baited a fellow homosexual out of jail and tried to calm him. "It's no use," sobbed the young man. "No one cares for us homosexuals."

"God cares," said Perry.

No, not even God cares," came the answer. At that moment, Perry found his calling.

His church was launched on a tiny ad in the *Advocate*, a local gay newspaper. Nine friends and three strangers turned up. "It was a mess and a mass," Perry recalls. "But the Lord really moved that day. People were weeping." The church was peripatetic at first, forced to move time after time as landlords discovered the nature of Perry's parishioners and indignantly evicted them. Finally Hollywood's Encore Theater donated its building for Sunday services.

The M.C.C. obviously fulfills a genuine need. With rare exceptions, other denominations either do not want the homosexual or else condemn him. Perry's church does not confine its services to Sunday. It also helps in job placement, offers psychological counseling, discussion and study groups. A 24-hour "hot line" is kept open for any possible emergency. There are even groups to advise "straight" family members who are trying to understand a homophile relative.

After 18 months, Perry's church has earned a considerable degree of public acceptance. Similar congregations exist in Chicago, San Diego and San Francisco. More important has been the effect on Perry's flock. "It's changed my life," says one member, who is now the M.C.C.'s office secretary. "I even got up the courage to tell my mother that I'm homosexual. She confessed that she already knew about it, but she said, 'You're my son, and I love you anyway.' I feel now that God cares about us—that we're his children and that Christ died for us just like he did for everyone else."

A scientist in charge of clinical research at a leading pharmaceutical company examines his motives.

"Do you think it's in my best interest not to know the truth?"

There are people who believe that medical researchers at pharmaceutical companies intentionally overlook some side effects or problems in order to market a product. Nothing could be further from the truth.

As scientists we deal in facts. Involved as we are with other people's lives and health, we go overboard to take every possible safeguard. Anything less would be unthinkable.

Follow the development of a new drug for the treatment of certain mental illnesses, for example. When this new compound first showed biological effects we launched a battery of studies in experimental animals. These verified early findings, so we then gave the Food and Drug Administration our basic chemical data, our animal testing results, and our plans for human testing—that all important first step where we look for side effects or toxicity and study how the drug is metabolized in healthy human volunteers. The most experienced researchers in the field conduct such studies to provide the data, and protect individual rights.

These tests revealed nothing significantly adverse, thus clearing the way for initial trials in selected patients. The results? Still good. Consequently, we stepped up the process with painstakingly monitored studies in a thousand patients, involving top academicians and practicing specialists in leading clinical centers. Meanwhile, animal studies

designed to uncover long-term effects continued, and work started on the production technology without which the best of drugs would most likely remain laboratory curiosities.

Detailed clinical reports underscored the value of the new medicine in treating mental illness. So at long last, we submitted a New Drug Application to the FDA. Data on this particular product covered 46 volumes and 27,000 pages. After painstaking review by FDA chemists, pharmacologists, and physicians, approval was given for marketing, and the comprehensive job of informing the medical profession began.

Ever since, of course, there's been a careful follow-up to see if more widespread use discloses new facts, either favorable or unfavorable.

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Matisse's Imprint Upon an Age

What interests me most is neither still life nor landscape but the human figure. It is through it that I best succeed in expressing the nearly religious feeling that I have toward life.

—Henri Matisse, 1908

HENRI MATISSE may be the best proof since Shakespeare of the irrelevance of the facts of a great artist's life to the genius of his work. Not that the facts are unknown. They are copious. Henri Matisse was born 100 years ago into the family of a grain merchant. He took up the study of law and turned seriously to painting only when he was 22. He married, had three children and emphasized to interviewers that he lived an entirely ordinary, suburban life. Outwardly he was reserved, cautious, methodical—in style of life the lawyer still. He could be diffident to the point of anguish about a work in progress. Despite the anguish, how he did work: twelve hours a day nearly every day for 60 years.

Yet none of the facts even hint at the revolution to which Matisse's pictures stand witness. This law student from Le Cateau in the north of France saw the picture plane flat and saw it whole. He began treating it as a design rather than an imaginary view. A pattern in the wallpaper might come forward to take equal authority with a fruitbowl on a table. He saw women as outlines—a grace, a structure of volume, a presence in a landscape—and abandoned nuances of flesh tones in favor of vigor of composition. Perhaps as much as Picasso, he altered the course of modern perception.

Unlike Picasso, Matisse left in his wake no memoirs, no discarded mistresses, no picture books by importunate photographers. His paintings themselves are his only biography, but they tell all: an intimate diary as well as a public record of his subtle intuition, his patiently probing intellect, his will. Now Pierre Schneider, an American critic and journalist who works in Paris, has put Matisse's biography on the walls of the Grand Palais, where some 250 pictures span Matisse's prodigious life work. It is the most important show in Europe this year.

Shy Explorations. To assemble it, Schneider spent two years wheeling the best pictures from U.S. and European collections. He persuaded Leningrad's Hermitage Museum to lend twelve paintings seldom seen by Westerners. He got eight—even less familiar—from Moscow's Pushkin Museum. Rarest of all, he has teased out of several French private collections a score of paintings that have never before been publicly exhibited.

As any scrupulous account of a creative mind should do, this show explores the earliest years, particularly the vivid paintings done in Corsica in 1898 and hardly seen since. The most sweeping changes that Matisse was to make are shyly explored in those first pictures. He celebrated well-laden tables, played with the refractions of light in liquid and glass, and caressed fruits and rich surfaces. He was hypnotized by the mysterious contrast between the cool interior and the hot partial view through the open window. But it was the human form that held for him the ultimate



MATISSE AT WORK
A mark on time.

timate sensuous appeal. It was the engine of his creative exploration, the subject he held fast in order, paradoxically, to range farthest.

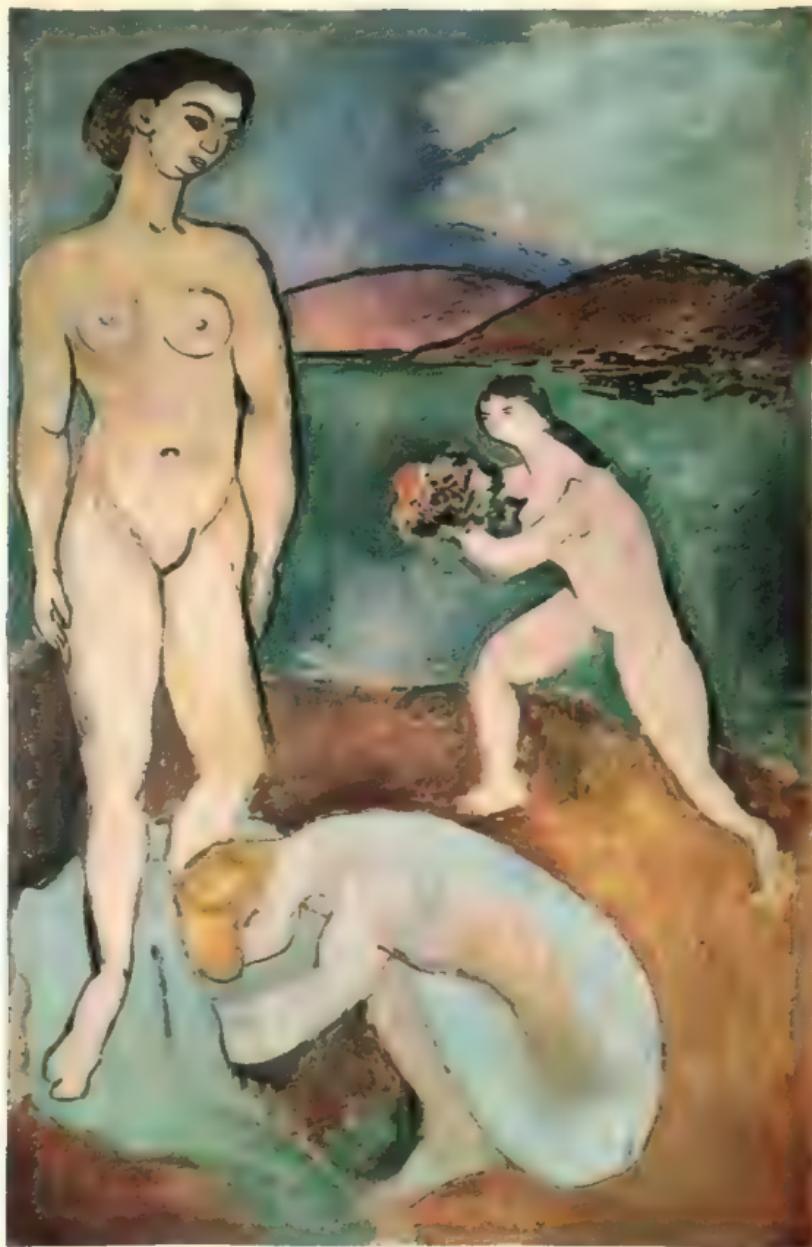
Immortal Abstraction. "I don't create women," he once snapped at a critic, "I paint pictures." It sounded like an aphorism. What it meant to Matisse is suggested by his very early (1896), very realistic portrait of a Breton girl. She is subdued, even sallow, but curiously taking look carefully at the painting, then look away, and all that remains in the mind is the simple shape of face, with eyes and mouth burned in. The human, for Matisse, could be contorted, abstracted, reduced to geometry and architecture and decoration, but without losing particularity. When Matisse succeeded, his human figures made abstraction immortal. It worked with color too, as in the famous Fauve portraits that earned him in 1905 the title "king of the wild beasts."

Nu Bleu, two years later, keeps this power that disturbed his contemporaries. It uses darker but equally vigorous color, and a modeling that has the violence of a flung dishcloth or a snapped rope, to create a figure whose superhuman solidity bends light around it. That same year Matisse painted *Le Luxe I*. The difference between *Luxe* and *Nu Bleu* is the arrow of his creative consciousness toward massed composition, flat surface, simplified color and, above all, a mood of subtly altered consciousness, which from then on became a major Matisse characteristic. He turns the viewer on to an exaltation, whether ice-cool or abandoned, like the joyful seriousness that perfused public ritual in classical Greece. The result is that "nearly religious feeling" that Matisse said he had toward life.

Le Luxe was pivotal. It was his first



"LA MUSIQUE" (1910)
The human reduced to geometry.



"Le Luxe I" (1907) is a monumental Fauve work. Shown that fall at the *Salon d'Automne*, it caught the eye of Guillaume Apollinaire, who announced that Matisse was "a marvel."



To the left of her face, a small, dark, angular shape is visible.



"Nude" (1907) sketch by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, shown at the Armory Show.



"La Griseuse" (1952) Plastic cutout by Fernand Léger.



"A Domesticated Female" (1918) may be a self-portrait.

picture of monumental size and the up-rearing early pier of the great bridge of painting that culminated within three years in those extraordinary canvases, *Music* and the two versions of *Dance*. Brilliantly, Schneider has hung the three huge paintings, two from Leningrad's Hermitage and the first version of *Dance* from New York's Museum of Modern Art, in the same hall. There the two rings of dancers confront each other in demonic energy, while between them, on the saturated flat green of the grass, under the deep blue of the sky, five vermillion figures are frozen with the concentration of listening and playing.

Tuned Sky. Matisse himself was a violinist. He took an odd pride in the notion that if his painting eye failed, he could support his family by fiddling on the streets of Paris. The same violin in *Music* appears again, in precisely the same pose except now seen from the rear, in an amusing portrait that Matisse painted in Nice—maybe of himself at his hotel window, practicing. Friends assert that the hotel banished Matisse to a remote back room so that his playing would not torture other guests.

The picture, never before displayed or reproduced, is more than an anecdote. It is an abstraction in verticals and colors, panels within panels, a sky so in tune that its earthy color goes unnoticed. Just as memorable is the painting of his daughter Marguerite in pink and blue stripes; it has been dismissed as a failed Cubist experiment but it can be seen again as an effective precursor of Op. The square-on verticals are as impersonal and hieratic as a playing-card queen. But look the girl is also there, three-quarter face, cheek outlined by the strong diagonal at left. As the two images succeed each other, the eyes shift, the lips purse slightly, and a gravely pretty girl emerges in almost sculptural round. Once again the abstract and the particular fuse triumphantly.

Also Nicknames. "What I dream of is an art of equilibrium, of purity and serenity," said Matisse. In his last decade, retreating more to his room, his chair, his bed, he achieved that dream with the resources of a child paper, colored to his exact specification, which he then carved with scissors and had pinned to huge surfaces until the arrangement pleased him. Sometimes the images produced were springing female figures, dancers and tumblers and sirens

or a girl composedly sitting with her hair about her shoulders like the blue-on-yellow figure Matisse and family nicknamed *La Grenouille*—The Frog.

"All artists bear the imprint of their time," Matisse wrote in 1908 "but the great artists are those in whom this stamp is most deeply impressed." He might have added that the greatest are those who stamp their own mark on a time. Looking back from his deathbed 46 years later, he must have seen the imprint he had left, and been pleased.

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Questioning Hypnosis

Dark legends of hypnotic spells are as old as sorcerers. Yet today, many reputable psychologists argue that hypnosis is a powerful and useful tool for probing the inner mysteries of man's mind. Dentists use hypnosis as an anesthetic, and psychologists profess to cure everything from smoking to homosexuality by putting their subjects in a trance. But what is hypnosis?

Suggestion. Largely put-on, claims Theodore Xenophon Barber, 43, director of psychological research at Massachusetts' Medfield State Hospital. Since



**BARBER DEMONSTRATING THEORIES
Largely a put-on.**

no test has been able to demonstrate the existence of the hypnotic state, there is no reason to assume that there is such a state," he writes in *Psychology Today*. In more than 100 experiments, Barber and others have reproduced hypnotic effects by the simple power of suggestion.

In one experiment, he subjected two groups of student nurses to identical degrees of pain: excruciating but not injurious pressure on a finger. The first group was "hypnotized" and instructed to listen to a tape recording of a story as a way to ignore the pain. The second group was simply told "that if they kept thinking about the story during the pain stimulation, they would not experience pain." Both reported equivalent pain reduction.

Warts Cured. Hypnosis allegedly cures warts. So does suggestion. Barber reports that the wart count among some New York schoolchildren fell dramatically after their warts were painted with chemically inert dyes identified as effective medication. Barber also discounts feats of strength under hypnosis,

such as the ability of a man to make his body so rigid that he can be stretched like a plank between two chairs "Practically all normally awake persons can remain suspended between two chairs while supported only by the head and ankles," Barber says.

Barber notes that hypnotists have claimed the ability to produce and inhibit labor contractions and allergic reactions, to improve vision and to change heartbeat rates blood-glucose levels and stomach-acid secretions. But, he says, "in each case there is evidence that the same things can also be obtained by suggestion alone." Barber claims that he has demonstrated the ability of subjects to recall long-forgotten memories—without hypnosis.

Breaking the "Trance." The ultimate power of suggestion is reflected in the subject's own conception of hypnosis, he believes. People "know" that hypnotized subjects are supposed to act like glassy-eyed zombies. Thus, when it is suggested that they are hypnotized, they obediently act as expected. To demonstrate the point, Barber cites an experiment by Philadelphia Psychiatrist Martin Orne. Orne told a class of introductory psychology students that, under hypnosis, a subject's dominant hand automatically becomes cataleptic—that is, it cannot be moved. That is simply not true. Nevertheless, when he put the class under "hypnosis," 55% of his students were unable to move their dominant hand.

Barber's arguments lead to the conclusion that hypnosis may be no more than a fancy name for human suggestibility. The same preconditions are required in both cases: a willingness to do what the suggester asks, the belief in one's ability to do it—plus the ability to do it. The importance of the latter is often overlooked. Asks Barber: If a hypnotist could really induce deafness in a subject, as hypnotists are forever claiming to do, then how could a verbal command ("You can hear now") ever break the "trance"?

Drugless Trip

Turn it on and it turns you on. So claims Michael Shulman, 31, a New York publicity agent and creator of Op-Tickle, a psychedelic electrical toy that, he says, is just as groovy as grass, and a lot safer than the ubiquitous weed.

Shulman's invention is just a bit more than a pipedream. The human brain insistently finds patterns where none exist. With this in mind, Shulman built his toy, a circular arrangement of Christmas-tree lights. Plugged in, they flash on and off in colors—red, yellow and blue—but in no rhythmic pattern. Still, the mesmerized viewer, if he turns on some music, may discover a pattern that matches the music's beat. If that happens, off he goes on a drugless trip. Or so hope the customers who ordered some 5,000 Op-Tickles, which are grossly overpriced at \$15 each, after Shulman's creation was displayed at a trade show in Manhattan last week.

At about \$10 a fifth, it's not everybody's bag.

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MUSIC

Two Solo Troubadours

Rock these days seems to be retreating from the sound barrier. The mind-blasting chaos of California-bred acid is still to be heard, and almost everywhere the unmistakable beat goes on. At the same time, though, rock has become more personal, curious and deep, largely through the work of a new breed of solo troubadours who write their own stuff and occasionally deliver it in person. The hands and somewhat disparaging label for this new style of defused, intimate and literate pop is "salon rock." No one in the business, however, puts down the genuine talents of two of its finest practitioners: Composer-Singers Harry Nilsson, 29, and Randy Newman, 26.

Nilsson's pale blond hair and even paler complexion have earned him the nickname of the White Rabbit. From a musical viewpoint, he is really Tweedledee to Newman's Tweedledum. Both men are married and live in Los Angeles, both are basically recluses whose principal social activity, until recently, was playing pingpong together. They are also equally red-hot songwriters who have turned out hits for such diverse talents as Peggy Lee, Judy Collins, Ella Fitzgerald and the West Coast rock group called Three Dog Night (which moves up to No. 1 on the *Billboard* chart this week with a single of Newman's, *Mama Told Me*). Newman and Nilsson much prefer to sing their own material. Self-involvement, however, did not prevent Harry from devoting his latest R&B album (*Nilsson Sings Newman*) to Randy's songs.

Painful Accuracy. Nilsson himself speaks of a "certain indefinable something" that he and Newman have in common. But it is really where they differ that tells the most. One of the many ironies about Newman is that, although he sings in a raspy, soul-based blues style, his chief concern as a lyricist is Middle America. In *Love Story*, which he sang on NBC's *Liza Minnelli Special* last week, Newman sums up middle-age with painful accuracy. "Some nights we'll go out dancin' / If I am not too tired And some nights we'll sit romancin' Watchin' the *Late Show* by the fire." In *So Long Dad*, he captures the turned-around relationship of a grown son and his father: "Come and see us, Papa, when you can / There'll always be a place for my ol' man / Just drop by when it's convenient to / Be sure and call before you do." The nephew of Hollywood Composer-Conductors Alfred and Lionel Newman, Randy the arranger is also a match for Randy the balladeer. In *Cowboy*, for example ("Cold gray buildings where a hill should be / Steel and concrete closin' in on me"), he evokes lonely sadness and scattered dust with craggy orchestral brush strokes that show a familiarity with Aaron Copland's *Rodeo* and *Billy the Kid*.



NEWMAN
Tweedledum

There is a sadness in Nilsson's work too, but, like the great tragic clowns, he feels that he may as well put on a cheerful front until proved wrong. His specialty is the melancholy ballad delivered with an upbeat melody. *Mr. Tinker*, for example, is about a tailor whose life has passed him by. "It isn't easy for a tailor. When there's nothing left to sew" goes one of its lines. The lyrics may be sorrowful, but the music is pure devil-may-care.

Though without formal musical training, Brooklyn-born Nilsson is, from the viewpoint of technique, ten times the singer that Newman is. His easy-going style contains echoes of Bing Cros-



NILSSON
Tweedledum

by: his soft, high tenor recalls any number of virtuoso crooners who sang with the Mickey Mouse dance bands of the '30s. And he does not mind showing that talent off. *Nilsson Sings Newman*, for example, sounds at times as though it were recorded with a chorus of 100. Actually, every note on it was sung by Nilsson himself—98 vocal performances in all, a feat that may indirectly reflect his salad-days background as a computer programmer in Los Angeles.

Up to now, Nilsson and Newman have both preferred the recording studio to the one-night stand and the concert hall as a performing milieu. In the past few months, though, Newman has begun to branch out. This fall the BBC will film a TV special on him, and he will begin a college tour. As for Nilsson, he has presently no plans to concertize. As he is fond of pointing out, he became famous overnight last year by singing *Everybody's Talkin'* for the sound track of *Midnight Cowboy*. Trouble was that the song was by somebody else, Fred Neil, about whom most people still have not heard a thing. Thus, while touching Singer Nilsson, fame bypassed two songwriters Harry and Fred. "It's part of the pattern," says Nilsson sadly.

Owed to Joy

Skip the new pop single, *A Song of Joy*, on the turntable. Surprise. There, for everyone to hear, is the famous uni-vocal recitative for cellos and double basses that opens the *Ode to Joy* from the last movement of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Pause. Then comes the languorous twang of a guitar, and a voice begins to sing in accented English:

*Come sing a song of joy,
For peace shall come, my brother,
Sing, sing a song of joy,
For men shall love each other*

The singer of *A Song of Joy* is Miguel Rios, 26, a successful teeny-bopper idol in Spain who originally recorded it in Spanish, English and Italian. When *A Song* began popping up in Holland, Portugal, Chile, France and Canada, A & M Records bought the rights. "At first," says one company executive, "no one exactly went wild over it. But we kept listening, and we realized we had something very special."

Or maybe it was just that 1970 happens to be the 200th anniversary of Beethoven's birth. *A Song of Joy* perpetrates structural mayhem upon the original score, and Rios' adenoidal crooning makes Dean Martin sound like Cesare Siepi. Still, it does contain a genuine chunk of Beethoven and someone is definitely listening. From Mobile to Manhattan, pop radio stations are giving *A Song of Joy* heavy air play. The record is high on *Billboard's* Hot 100 chart and still climbing. As for Rios, A & M will release his new LP this week and is sponsoring him on a U.S. tour. That should give his fans all the *joy* they need.

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Here's an idea that's saving time in supermarkets

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eggs in front are sold out, the unit simply swings around. Fresh merchandise from the back comes up front with an easy reach. Eggs first in are first out, too.

This is the kind of innovation the food industry expects from Clark—all the way from grower to grocer.

The same company that builds axles and transmissions, lift trucks, earth moving equipment and truck trailers, Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan 49107.

The fastest milk in town.
Tyler roll in cart carries
30 cases from dairy to
display. No more hand
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Some night this summer around 2 a.m. you'll wish you had "The Great Indoors."



It can get awfully sticky some summer nights. If you don't live in "The Great Indoors".

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This time of year your Bryant dealer can give you a better deal. And make your home cool and comfortable before the dog days arrive.

And with Bryant, you get a choice of gas or electric. That's important. Because in some areas, gas costs less to operate. In some areas, electric costs less. So you can choose the type that's most economical for you.

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And get a good night's sleep this summer.

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Climate Masters, Inc 2820 Old Willow Rd Northbrook - 729 0777
Highland Park Htg. Serv. Inc 208 W. Dundee Rd Highland Park - 432 8395
Macy's Htg. & Air Cond Serv 2503 Cardinal Dr. Itasca - 231 1355
North American Htg. & A.C. Co. 5115 W. 11th St. Morton Grove - 845 8500
Scarlet Glove Engineering 6625 Avondale Chicago - SP 4-3300
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Dwight & Son Htg. & A.C. Div. 8019 S. Exchange Chicago - 768 7135
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MEDICINE

Anatomical Gifts

At Salt Lake City's University of Utah Hospital recently, a 57-year-old man lay dying after heart surgery. In his wallet was a card that read: "Desiring that humanity may benefit, I hereby give for any lawful medical purpose

UNIFORM DONOR CARD

In the hope that I may help others, hereby make this anatomical gift for medical purposes to take effect upon my death. The words and marks below indicate my desire:

I give (A) any needed organs or parts
(B) only the following organs or parts

For the purposes of transplantation, therapy, medical research or education

(C) my body for anatomical study if needed

I withdraw or
specify wishes if any

any specific organs or parts of my body determined to be medically usable . . . upon my death

In the past, hospital authorities would have had to negotiate with the patient's next of kin to obtain organs for transplant, and the organs might have deteriorated and become unusable before permission was obtained. There was no such delay at the Utah hospital. Informed by the patient's wife about the donor card, surgeons were able to operate on him as soon as he was pronounced legally dead.¹ They removed both kidneys for transplant and both eyes for cornea grafts. Within a few hours, one of each was used for transplants in other patients.

The speedy donation was made possible by Utah's passage of the Uniform Anatomical Gift Act, which gives any patient the right to bequeath his body or organs for medical purposes. Because of almost nationwide adoption of the act—and changing public attitudes toward transplants—surgeons long frustrated by a shortage of donor organs now foresee an increase in the supply.

More help is on the way. President Nixon recently signed a bill applying the Uniform Anatomical Gift Act to the District of Columbia, and Delaware became the 48th state to adopt the law in less than two years. The legislatures of the two remaining states, Nebraska and Massachusetts, will take up the measure in their next sessions. Blair I. Sadler, an attorney with the National Institutes of Health and a principal promoter of the gift acts, reports many requests for donor cards, with wording similar to that used in Utah. He predicts many more organs will soon become available for transplants.

¹ A certification made by physicians who are not involved in any possible transplant

Of Man and Milk

Starving Africans throw away gifts of American powdered milk, complaining that it harbors evil spirits. Colombian Indians refuse to drink reconstituted milk and use it instead to paint their huts. On the Navajo reservation, many Indians discard Government-subsidized powdered milk rather than suffer diarrhea. All have a problem in common. A surprisingly large portion of the world's population cannot digest an important ingredient in milk: lactose.

Lactose supplies about 40% of the caloric value of most milks. It is most abundant in human milk, about 7% by volume; the average dairy cow's milk contains 5%. Although lactose is a rich and valuable nutrient, it cannot be metabolized directly by the human system; it must first be broken down by an enzyme called lactase from its original complex sugar form (disaccharide) to two simple sugars, glucose and galactose. Normal babies secrete lactase in abundance and thus have no difficulty in digesting mothers' milk, cows' milk or comparable substitutes.

Response to a Challenge. Why can virtually all infants and many adults digest lactose, while other adults cannot? One theory is that the ability to produce lactase, and thus to digest lactose, is the response to a challenge: if a person continues to drink milk after he has been weaned and through adulthood, he will always be able to digest it. But if he goes without milk for months, or years, he loses that ability.

That theory is disputed by many investigators, most recently U.C.L.A. Anthropologist Robert McCracken. He believes that the ability to secrete lactase and digest lactose is determined in the genes. Virtually all normal mammals have a gene that turns on the supply before birth, maintains it at a high level until weaning, and then allows it to decline. When man first emerged as Homo sapiens, says McCracken, and for tens of thousands of years thereafter, he was a hunter and gatherer of food. He had no milk cattle. A baby was usually weaned by the age of two. Nature designed milk as a food for infants, not for adults. So at that stage in human development, because adults

drank no milk, they needed no lactase. Nature's plan worked smoothly.

Then man decided to improve upon nature. He domesticated various species of cattle and invented dairying. Some pastoral peoples used the milk as a food supplement for youths and adults. Among these tribes, McCracken suggests, individuals whose lactase was not turned off after weaning benefited from milk's rich nutrients; they grew bigger and stronger than those who were deficient in lactase and weakened by milk diarrhea. Through natural selection, adults who continued to produce lactase eventually predominated.

As evidence of his theory, McCracken points to such herding cultures as the Bantu of Uganda, among whom lactase levels remain high throughout life, as they do in most civilized countries today where dairying is practiced and milk intolerance uncommon. Other herders (such as the neighboring Baganda and most of the Bantu in Africa), who keep cattle but do not drink the milk, have low lactase levels after childhood and a high incidence of intolerance to milk. In other parts of the world, the same pattern exists. More than 85% of Thai children over the age of five, for example, cannot tolerate milk.

Forest Ancestors. To bolster his argument, McCracken notes that the ancestral stock of American Negroes came from heavily forested areas of West Africa, where no milk-producing cattle were kept. The remaining indigenous populations of West Africa have low lactase levels and high intolerance—as have 75% of most U.S. Negro groups tested, the highest rate reported among most whites is only about 19%. High proportions of American Indians, in the U.S. and Central and South America, are also unable to digest milk.

An apparent exception to the high tolerance to milk among dairy cultures exists in Cyprus. The exception proves the rule, says McCracken. Cyprus produces lots of milk, but most of it is made into cheese, which—like milk that has been soured or fermented—contains only a trace of lactose. This suggests to McCracken that such low-lactose milk products should have a greater part in feeding programs around the world. That would enable millions of the hungry to circumvent nature's original law that milk is for infants only.

AFRICAN TRIBESMAN WITH CATTLE





Who's downstairs ringing your bell? A friend? Or the Boston Strangler?

Before you press that buzzer, you'd better find out.

Burglars, con men and other low-life characters are trying all sorts of little tricks to get their feet in the door nowadays.

They'll say they have a telegram. (It's corny, but it works.) They'll swear they were recommended by a neighbor (whose name they saw on the bell). They'll even go as far as masquerading in overalls, pretending to be workers sent by "the landlord." (The Boston Strangler used this one.)

They're wise, all right. So if we want to stay healthy we've got to be even wiser—which is exactly what this ad is about.

Recently, a group of very wise, law-abiding citizens at our Automatic Electric subsidiary developed something that could put a lot of crooks on unemployment:

The Enterphone™ intercom—a lobby-to-apartment intercom unit that works through your telephone.

By itself, the new invention is a big improvement over most of the intercoms around today. (It transmits voices as clearly as a General Telephone telephone.) But it's more than that, too.

When it's used along with a building's closed-circuit television setup, it becomes part of an electronic security system that lets you *see and hear* who's downstairs ringing your bell.

Let's say you're watching television when somebody presses the buzzer. With the Enterphone intercom your bell doesn't ring, your phone does. In short, distinctive beeps. Before answering, you switch to your building's closed-circuit channel and get a good look at the mystery guest in the lobby. (And at his credentials, too, while you're at it.)

You can then pick up the phone, invite him up, and dial "6"—which electronically unlocks the downstairs door.

If you don't like what you see and hear you can quickly dial the superintendent. Or the police.

Right now, the Enterphone intercom is available from General Telephone throughout our entire system. Residential closed-circuit TV isn't. But we're working on it.

Hopefully, they'll both be standard equipment in all apartment buildings someday. And maybe in private homes, too.

Until they are, though—or until other security measures are found—we at General Telephone & Electronics would like to pass along a couple of rules to safeguard you and your family.

Rule No. 1: Don't open your door to anyone unless you know who it is.

Rule No. 2: Never break Rule No. 1.

General Telephone & Electronics

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS CORPORATION

SHOW BUSINESS

Old-Fashioned Insouciance

"We're theater people," says Roland Petit. "So instead of hunting up an ordinary gift, I decided to offer my wife the Casino de Paris." The French choreographer made a lovely choice, since his wife is Singer-Dancer Zizi Jeanmaire, his gift is now one of the delights of Paris. For the first time in decades, the legendary Casino boasts a show that puts the Lido and the Folies-Bergère to shame. Nowhere on the Continent these days is there a revue to match the Casino's lively, naughty, insouciant offering. It is lavish testimony that old-fashioned star-spangled sex has not entirely given way to the new eroticism.

Petit's extravaganza is a lush mixture of *Now* and *Then*. His dancers, tricked out in crushed-velvet pantsuits by Yves Saint Laurent, open with the springy "L'Amour du Métier" (*The Love of Show Business*). As they sing, they fit in and out of a flashing construction of steel tubes designed by the Venezuelan painter Jesus Raphael Soto. Then the Tiller Girls, 16 bright British birds whose forebears were the original inspiration for the Radio City Rockettes, descend from the ceiling in sentinel boxes. Their number is followed by blonde-wigged nudes and a sleekly sophisticated pas de deux executed by a pair of Petit's dancers. Finally, following a flurry of furs, sequins and extravagant nudes, the inimitable Zizi appears. Her ink black hair is clipped into a skull cap, and her raspy, pushcart-vendor voice keeps the audience in thrall for two solid hours.

It is mainly Zizi's show, and although it is the most expensive in Paris (\$13 top), it has played before a packed house for four straight months.

Luxurious Playground. The Casino's heritage is as glorious as the tricolor itself. It was originally founded on the estate of the Duc de Richelieu (grand nephew of the cardinal) two centuries ago. For the libertine duke's pleasure the loveliest courtesans of France performed voluptuous charades. Between the Franco-Prussian War and World War I, France's *Belle Epoque*, the Casino was the luxurious playground of continental nobility. Between the world wars, it went into decline under Director Henri Varma. "Give the public nudes, feathers and spangles. That's all they want," he once said and the Casino became a second-rate tourist trap until it closed in 1969.

Varma died last year, and the Casino went up for sale. Petit, a journeyman choreographer (and Zizi's husband for 16 years), could not afford to buy the 1,500-seat music hall, but worked out a rental agreement with an option to buy in two years if all goes well. It certainly should, says Petit. "Our success is fantastic. Everything I have dreamed of has finally come true." Zizi is pleased of course, but she is too much the Parisian sophisticate to be overly rhapsodic. Pointing to the set's shimmering black St. Laurent curtains, she says, "If we don't break even, at least I'll have enough material to keep me in black sequined dresses for the rest of my life."

Creation in Chaos

The main lesson of his first 15 years in Hollywood, says Director Robert Altman, 45, was to "get comfortable in my own failure." A bit too unorthodox for those orthodox days, he had been fired by Jack Warner and tangled with a lot of lesser producers. Richard Zanuck, chief of 20th Century-Fox, says that he would never have hired Altman for his last picture if he had known that Altman had previously made *That Cold Day in the Park*. Elliott Gould compared Altman to General Custer: "He always seemed on the verge of some sort of external defeat." But since his last stand, no one is bad-mouthing Bob Altman, least of all Zanuck, Fox or Gould. The picture was *M*A*S*H*, and it is one of the runaway hits of 1970.

What used to trouble Hollywood about Altman was that he turned the totalitarian trade of film directing into democracy, if not anarchy. Far from strutting around on the set with a riding crop, Altman is likely to operate the clapperstick himself and encourage suggestions from second assistants and electricians. An Altman film is more like an improvisational encounter group than a showcase for stars and plot. Sally Kellerman, who played Nurse Hot Lips Houlahan in *M*A*S*H*, reports that



ALTMAN DIRECTING 'M*A*S*H'
Birdly quality of his own.

"even my analyst said it did more for me than a man could." Working for Altman, says Sally, is "like recess at grammar school."

It is not surprising, therefore, that 16 members of the *M*A*S*H* cast and crew, including Sally and John Schuck (who played Paintless the priapic dentist), are now happily reunited in Houston shooting Altman's next film, *Brewster McCloud*. Altman says that it is "an adult fairy tale" about a man who lives in the Astrodome and learns to fly. "It's about insanity. It's about cruelty, but the main physical substance is bird s.t." And the droppings (made by prop men from sour cream, mustard and paint) are as plentiful as the blood in *M*A*S*H*.

Selling Tool. "Nobody really knows what this film is about but me," says Altman. And he is not saying, because "if you spell it all out, it becomes too much on the nose too obvious in the actual shooting." Stacy Keach, for example, knows little more than that he is the 120-year-old third Wright brother; he is supposed to wing it from there. A screenplay to Altman (who used to write them) is just "a selling tool" to get financing, and afterwards, not much more than a production schedule. In the middle of shooting *McCloud* the other day someone who wanted a copy of the script had to search for ten minutes to find one.

That sort of creative chaos drove *M*A*S*H*'s two name players, Gould and Donald Sutherland, up and practically over the wall. "I told them," Altman recalls, "that there were going to be no movie stars. I told them of my improvisational philosophy, and they got a little bugged when they saw it happen." Sutherland says, "I never understood exactly what he wanted." They



ZIZI AT THE CASINO
Lush mixture of *Now* and *Then*.

watched Altman make some improvements, like building *Hot Lips*' part up from a nine-line bit, but the master stroke of adding the loudspeaker as a character came only in Altman's post-production work.

Both stars now recognize the genius of *M*A*S*H*. Gould is flattered that Altman has asked him to do another film for him. "My God," says Sutherland, who is now in great demand, "it changed my life." But as someone who has "never been much of a group person," Sutherland could have done without all the Esalen-esque "camaraderie" that surrounds an Altman location. For example, the nightly get-togethers where everyone gets a little "rifed" (cast argot for "squiffed") and, with unheard-of egalitarianism, comments on the "dailies" (rushes). At a typical recent evening postmortem on *McCloud*, there was talk about Kellerman's role as a fairy godmother, which she plays naked except for a trench coat. Free-associated Altman: "Sally in the film is a bird, basically. The minute you put underwear on her you lose that pure quality . . ."

War Hater. Born in Kansas City Mo., Altman got his service experience as a pilot in the Pacific in World War II. He went to the University of Missouri for a few years, then wound up in the industrial-film business. A feature he did on juvenile delinquency, *The Delinquents*, was bought by United Artists and led to TV work for Alfred Hitchcock.

Series like the *Kraft Mystery Theater* and *Bonanza* taught him to shoot in the current mode—fast, and for all his mad winging, cheap. (He brought *M*A*S*H* in for \$3,000,000, which was \$500,000 under budget.) But he soon got typed as an action director and difficult. He directed the 1961 episode of *Buy Stop*, starring Fabian, that stirred some of the first complaints against TV violence. He also got into trouble for doing an antiwar script for *Combat*. "What's the matter," he asked his executive producer, "are you afraid your kids will grow up hating war?"

Altman refused to accept strictures of film properties that he did not believe in, though as he says, "You don't get credit for the bad pictures you don't do." Finally, with *M*A*S*H*, he did a good picture, and for the first time in his career found himself out of debt and sought after. With success, he does not intend to play it safe.

On location with *M*A*S*H* after Sally Kellerman's breakdown scene, Altman took her outside and asked, "Do you remember the scene in *The Misfits* where Marilyn Monroe breaks down about the stallions? Well what you just did was better." Then he took Sally back and had her do it again to see if it was a fluke. It wasn't. In much the same way, *McCloud* is Altman's chance to see whether *M*A*S*H* was just lucky or truly inspired.

THE THEATER

Pornocopia

Over the centuries there have been two kinds of theater, the elitist and the vulgar. In Aristophanic comedies, male characters were endowed with huge prop phalli with which they thwacked each other. Early forms of the Kabuki theater were closed down by the shogun in 17th century Japan for encouraging prostitution and inciting lewd homosexual bawdry on and off stage. Italy's *commedia dell'arte* was frequently obscene in word and gesture.

The U.S. brand of popular vulgar theater was burlesque, which nurtured many distinguished clowns and comedians, including W.C. Fields, Bert Lahr, Bobby Clark and Buster Keaton. In recent seasons, vulgar theater has again emerged in both the best and the worst senses, with nudity, simulated sexual acts and the unfeigned use of four-letter words. *Hair Clip and Oh! Calcutta!* belongs to this group, as does the latest entry, *The Dirtiest Show in Town*. Those who deplore these shows regard them as the flagrant commercial exploitation of filth. That attitude is far too simple, when three out of the top four non-fiction bestsellers across the nation are titled *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Sex** (*But Were Afraid to Ask), *The Sensuous Woman* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, the stage is bound to reflect such rapt, obvious and pervasive interest.

Condif Display. In the contemporary theater there is usually some attempt to cloak the evening's activities in a lofty rationale of protest. *The Dirtiest Show in Town* emits the mandatory blasts at the Viet Nam War, air pol-

lution, urban blight and computerized conformity. So what else is new? Something of durable human concern and curiosity that cannot be graphically described: scenes of fornication, cunnilingus, fellatio, communal couplings and a candid display of homosexual and lesbian preferences.

On that level, *The Dirtiest Show in Town* is surprisingly amusing. The nudes are graceful, handsome and refreshingly unself-conscious. Acting skill is secondary in group enterprises of this sort, but Jeffrey Herman is kindly personable and quite funny as a gay Jew, and Madeline le Roux plays a tall blonde lesbian with the icy authority of a lady storm trooper. Playwright Tom Eyen is perhaps the best guide to the underlying seriousness that animates his play, even at its silliest and most scandalous: "We're getting the new sexual freedom suddenly and we don't know how to cope with it, which is a big pollution in itself."

The show raises another question. Apart from the proper protection of minors, does not the age-old tradition of the theater assert its malenolent if propane right to be pornographic?

*T.E. Kalem

Woe in a Muddy Basin

It may sound odd, but misery needs to be entertaining. Appalling calamities befall some people; yet they manage to make them sound drab and boring. Others possess the gift of making a minor mishap vividly compelling.

Unfortunately, *Boesman and Lena* is one of those accounts of unlimited woe that try the playgoer's patience. Boesman (James Earl Jones) and Lena (Ruby Dee) are pitiable South African Coloreds whom God and man have forsaken, and whose only shelter is some abandoned junk on the banks of a muddy river basin. Nature wheels around them like an impatient vulture, and death is the only consolation prize that their life has to offer.

Though the urge to survive cannot be quenched, it seems to bring out the worst in both of them. Boesman is a vicious brute who smashes at his own fate by punching Lena, a nagging termagant who could drive a much stronger man to despair. They tell each other off, but tell the audience very little, except for long, rambling, undramatized remembrances of their atrophied past.

South African Playwright Athol Fugard should bless his actors for breathing vitality into his stubborn script. James Earl Jones pours out his rage at existence like a volcanic river of fire, and Ruby Dee's face is one of those relief maps of pain, torment and humiliation that characterize a life when it is brutal, nasty and interminable. The pair ought to get a bonus in salvage pay.

*T.E.K.



SCENE FROM DIRTIEST SHOW
Something of durable concern.

Gordon's.
**It's how
 the English
 keep their
 gin up!**



Search no more! Gordon's is undeniably the driest, most delicately flavoured gin you can find. The clue? Elementary, my dear connoisseur: it is still based on Alexander Gordon's brilliant discovery in 1769. Would we change even one drop of that precious formula? Tamper one bit with the biggest seller in England, America, the world? Never! Perfection is good enough for us.

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MILESTONES

Married. Nancy Kwan, 31, slue-eyed Eurasian actress who soared to stardom in *The World of Suzie Wong* and *Flower Drum Song*, and David Giler, 26, Hollywood scriptwriter, whose most recent credit, if that is the term, is *Myra Breckinridge*, she for the second time, he for the first, in a civil ceremony in Carson City, Nev.

Married. Jackie Gleason, 54, comedian who last week obtained a divorce from his wife of 34 years; and Beverly McKittrick, 38, his Miami secretary, whom he met last year while playing golf at a Florida country club, both for the second time; in a civil ceremony in Ashford, England

Married. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., 55, son of the former President, onetime Under Secretary of Commerce, and now U.S. distributor of Jaguar cars; and Felicia Warburg Sarnoff, 42, heiress to the banking fortune, former wife of the board chairman and president of RCA, he for the third time, she for the second, in a civil ceremony in Manhattan

Married. Dr. Jonas E. Salk, 44, pioneer of the first polio vaccine; and Francoise Gilot, 48, longtime (1944-54) model and mistress of Pablo Picasso, an artist of repute in her own right, whom Salk first met a year ago while she was visiting friends in California; both for the second time; in a civil ceremony in Paris

Divorced. Steven C. Rockefeller, 34, son of New York's Governor, by Anne Marie Rockefeller, 32, his Norwegian-born wife, who was once a maid in the Rockefellers' Manhattan household, on the grounds of incompatibility, after eleven years of marriage, three children; in Juarez, Mexico

Died. Dr. Gertrude Rand Ferree, 84, who with her late husband Dr. Clarence Ferree made major strides in the study of human vision, in Stony Brook, N.Y. Co-holder of a dozen patents for lighting devices, optical and ophthalmological instruments, she played a major role in the development of the famed Hardy-Rand-Ritter color plates (numerals outlined by dots in subtly shaded hues) universally used to identify types of color deficiency and color blindness

Died. Frances Parkinson Keyes, 84, Virginia-born gentlewoman, world traveler, associate editor of *Good Housekeeping* (1923-35), and author of more than 50 books, in New Orleans. Though she never won great critical acclaim, she developed a sizable following for her light, brightly told tales, most often about New Orleans and Southern plantation life, as in *Dinner at Antoine's*, *Crescent Carnival* and *Steamboat Gothic*



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You'll call it marvelous.

Just slip it over your thumb, wrap it around your wrist, and seal it shut with the Velcro fastener.

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Whack!

Nice, solid contact. Your left wrist remains firm as you hit the ball. Beautiful follow through, too.

You see a little white dot in the distance, rising slowly, moving straight. 200, 225, 250 yards. Straight as the proverbial arrow.

And you thought you'd never cure your slice!

Is it a fluke?

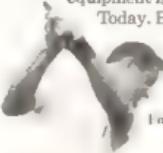
Try it again on the next hole.

Whack! What a nice, solid feel. You're hitting the ball square away.

The Hit-Tru Golfer's Aid helps you develop a better, more consistent, more powerful swing. Every time you swing. By keeping your wrist from breaking when you hit. And it's great for chipping and putting, too.

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BUSINESS

The Hidden Costs of the Viet Nam War

An end to the war would be good, not bad, for American business. War is, as we would say in business, a low-yield operation.

—Louis B. Lundborg, Chairman,
Bank of America

THE myth that capitalism thrives on war has never been more fallacious. While the Nixon Administration battles war-induced inflation, corporate profits are tumbling and unemployment runs high. Urgent civilian needs are being shunted aside to satisfy the demands of military budgets. Businessmen are virtually unanimous in their conviction that peace would be bullish, and they were generally cheered by last week's withdrawal from Cambodia. But they have begun to realize two disquieting facts. First, the real costs of war in Viet Nam and of the nation's total defense effort are far greater than anything reflected in the military budget. And though military spending is declining, the U.S. will have to bear a heavy financial burden from the Viet Nam War long after the shooting stops.

The military budget for fiscal 1971, which began last week, stands at \$71.8 billion, but that is only the beginning. Nondefense segments of the federal budget are faced with costs that are basically military. By conservative estimates, these allocations in the new budget come to \$20 billion raising the annual cost of defense to \$91.8 billion. Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, makes a much higher calculation: he figures that the tangential military costs lift defense spending to more than \$106 billion.

Debts from Deficits. The Atomic Energy Commission, the Selective Service Commission and other agencies spend an estimated \$1.6 billion a year for defense-related projects. At least one-half of the \$3.4 billion allocated for space programs can be considered defense-connected. The Agency for International Development spends roughly \$950 million of its \$1.9 billion budget to help the U.S. meet its military commitments around the world, including \$474 million in AID funds for Viet Nam.

Much of the Coast Guard's budget of \$625 million and the U.S. Information Agency's \$189 million are really defense spending. About \$50 million in aid to impacted school areas is a consequence of the crowding caused by military families. Federal highway overpasses have been built to expensive heights to accommodate tank carriers and roads have been extended to pass



Viet Nam VETERAN IN HOSPITAL
Mortgage on the future.

close to military bases. Advocates of subsidies for shipping, airlines and oil often win their case by arguing that federal handouts are needed for reasons of defense.

A major item is the public debt, which has risen from \$37.9 billion to \$373 billion since 1965, largely because of the deficits caused by the Viet Nam War. Interest payments on this debt for fiscal 1971 are expected to reach \$19 billion of which \$11 billion can be traced to the costs of Viet Nam and past wars. The interest paid on the debt from World War II has amounted to about \$200 billion so far.

The Economic Drain. Veterans Administration payments constitute another long-lived but little-noted expense of every war since the Civil War. This year they will add up to about \$8.9 billion in disability pensions, education aid and medical care. Since 1965, costs of VA medical care have climbed by \$500 million almost all of the rise is attributable to the Viet Nam War. And forthcoming costs to the nation amount to a large mortgage on the future. Economist James Clayton of the University of Utah estimates that the total cost of pensions for Viet Nam veterans alone will eventually reach \$220 billion.

Economist Robert Eisner of Northwestern University calculates that the Viet Nam conflict has already cost the nation \$219 billion. Direct war expenditures accounted for \$113 billion. In terms of production lost because young men went into service or stayed in school to avoid the draft, the civilian economy lost another \$82.5 billion, by Eisner's estimate. The human cost of the dead and wounded is incalculable; the economic drain in terms of demand and production that will never be realized, is calculated by Eisner at \$23.1 billion.

Since 1965, Eisner figures that real corporate profits, adjusted for the war-fueled inflation, declined by 17%. He calculates that soaring prices also have caused the real average income of the U.S. production worker to dip by about 2% in the past five years. "This loss in income," says Eisner, "must be a major factor in working class malaise and tension."

Technological Drip-Out. The debilitating effects of the nation's longest war will probably forestall many of the anticipated advantages of a peacetime economy. For example, concern is growing about the economic distortion created by the relationship between the Pentagon and defense companies. Some of the nation's most innovative companies, and many of its best managers, scientists and skilled workers, have devoted their energies to military production. Assistant Treasury Secretary Murray Weidenbaum wonders whether they can ever contribute much to a civilian economy. In a paper written just before he joined the Administration, Weidenbaum observed: "The Defense Department has slowly taken over many of the decision-making functions which are normally the prerogative of business management, the choice of products to produce, the source of capital funds, the internal operations of the firm." As a consequence, these firms have drifted far from the marketing realities of a civilian economy.

Most of the federally sponsored research in the last decade has focused on space and defense and has had limited practical use. "The supposed technological fallout from the NASA program has been more of a drip-out," says Physicist Ralph Lapp. He characterizes the Saturn F-1 moon rocket as a typical example of "techno-giantism," which involves enormous effort and expense to perform an exquisitely specialized task, but so far has almost no application for a civilian market.

Abraham Morganstern, research di-

rector of the Electrical Workers Union, believes American workers have become overly dependent on war work. He predicts that the transition to a peacetime economy, which President Nixon has talked much about lately, will be more difficult than is generally realized. For one thing, says Morganstern, the backlog demand for consumer goods is far less than it was just after World War II and the Korean War. Certainly there will be other demands—for pollution control, school construction, mass transit, urban development. Work on some of these problems has been delayed by the war, but the needs will be met only if peace brings a reordering of priorities and a redirection of the nation's resources.

THE ECONOMY

A Rabbit That Could Turn into a Tiger

President Nixon's decision last month to create a National Commission on Productivity brought a skeptical reaction from George Meany, the head of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. "It may increase public education," said Meany, "but I fail to see how it will curb inflation."

Meany was just a bit overcritical. The commission does lack the power to accomplish much over the short term in reducing the pressures that lift prices. But it really aims at long-range solutions to a problem that is close to the root of inflation. The output per man-hour of the U.S. labor force has been sagging for two years, during the first quarter of this year, productivity actually fell at an annual rate of 0.6%. With wages and fringe benefits climbing by 7.7% an hour, labor costs per unit of output rose at an annual rate of 8.4%—the worst performance in 14 years. Companies naturally felt a strong compulsion to raise prices. If the productivity



problem becomes chronic, it will in time damage the nation's globally envied standard of living.

Productivity normally slips during the early stages of a business downturn, and most experts reckon that the first-quarter decline is temporary. *FORTUNE* estimates that output per man-hour rebounded dramatically to register a 1% gain during the second quarter of the year; this is a 4% annual rate of gain, well above the average postwar advance of about 3.3% a year. The rise, however, resulted mostly from increasing layoffs. Unemployment in June fell to 4.7% from 5% the month before—the first dip in eight months—but the decline occurred almost entirely among adult women. The jobless rate among blacks rose from 8% to 8.7%; among black youths the rate is now 34%. Thus when Nixon's commission holds its first meeting later this month, its 23 members will confront a troublesome ticket of economic difficulties.

Meany agreed last week to be one of the commission's six labor members. So did United Auto Workers President George Woodcock, whose wage negotiations with automakers this summer may set a pattern for much of the nation. Six other commission members will represent the public, and another six will be men from business, including leaders of other industries facing key labor bargaining this year. The chairmanship will rotate among the five Government members: Treasury Secretary David Kennedy, Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, Labor Secretary James Hodgson, Chief Presidential Economist Paul McCracken and George Shultz, the White House's management and bud-

get chief. With a line-up like that, the commission could be able to exercise considerable clout.

The panel will consider ways to temper the inflationary impact of higher wages. By some industry estimates, labor costs account for at least 75% of the price of all U.S. goods. Besides publicizing wage or price increases that seem out of line, the commission will probably delve into the operations of many industries. It will, insists one high-ranking Administration official, be a live and sharp-toothed animal. "It's a rabbit now," he says, "but it could turn into a tiger."

Examining Nuances. Economist Shultz, who originally suggested the commission, hopes for a broader approach to the productivity problem. "People automatically think of featherbedding, but that's just one part of it," he says. The commission, Shultz believes, should also examine the impact of research and development, relations between scientists and Government, and the effects of tax and educational policies. "If you want to do something about pollution, you will have to have growth in productivity to pay for it," he adds. "You need to understand the nuances and limitations. For example, you want to find the disadvantaged and get jobs for them, but that's not the best way to raise output per man-hour."

Much of the nation's economic strength comes from raising productivity in the classic way, by replacing men with machines. The New York Port Authority, for example, uses a mechanical man, dubbed Angelo, to direct traffic around construction on the George Washington Bridge. A single guard at a huge console in the lobby of Manhattan's Pan American Building is able to keep track of elevators and, through a closed-circuit TV, watch all entrances and exits to the building.

The effort to raise productivity is all

SKYSCRAPER SECURITY CONSOLE



the more urgent because companies are shifting increasing amounts of their manufacturing abroad to cut costs. The U.S. now imports most of its typewriters, sewing machines and television sets and 98% of its portable radios. Chemicals, textiles and footwear once produced by U.S. workers are increasingly entering the domestic market from countries that have pools of lower-wage labor. Next year all of Ford's small Mavericks will be built in Canada, and Chrysler last week announced that in 1971 it will introduce a Dodge Colt line manufactured in Japan by Mitsubishi. For the first time, an American automaker will offer a Japanese-made car in its showrooms.

Patrolled Heat. Nowhere in the U.S. economy are labor costs running farther ahead of productivity gains than in its largest industry, construction. Wage increases average about 21% a year, and laborers in Connecticut, Missouri, Florida and Kansas have recently won pay increases of 30% a year. Under new contracts, laborers in Cleveland will earn \$10.71 an hour by 1972, and cement masons \$10.41. Success at the bargaining table seems only to have heightened construction labor's appetite for make-work arrangements. Detroit pipefitters require a "heat-patrol" 24 hours a day, seven days a week when temporary heat is used to permit cold-weather construction, even though the equipment is automatic. Pittsburgh contractors complain that cement finishers have reduced their daily output to 500 or 600 sq. ft. from 700 to 800 sq. ft. a few years ago. If St. Louis contractors use power or lights on a construction project, they must hire a union electrician merely to turn the switches on and off.

Skyrocketing construction costs affect the whole economy, because companies set prices at a level calculated to repay their investment in new factories and offices. The cost of moving goods has a similar impact. Last week Chicago trucking companies agreed to Teamster demands for a \$1.65-an-hour pay increase over 36 months, thus upsetting the recent national settlement pattern of \$1.10 an hour over 39 months. On the basis of the Chicago settlement, the national increase will now go to \$1.85 an hour over 39 months. Truckers, in turn, say they will have to ask for an 8% to 12% boost in freight rates to make up for their higher costs.

Labor's growing militancy reflects the fact that price increases have erased the benefits of higher wages during the past several years. If the nation is to regain its economic balance, it must, as President Nixon says, find "ways of restoring growth to productivity." As a greater proportion of manpower finds its way into services, where productivity gains are difficult to bring about, the need for higher efficiency in industry becomes even more acute. To achieve that efficiency, businessmen may need all the help they can get from the productivity commission.

AVIATION

Jumbo Beats the Gremlins

Just about every new passenger plane has been infested with gremlins in its early months of flight. The first 707 jets, for example, suffered from a dangerous case of bad brakes. Because it is the biggest jet of all, Boeing's 747 was widely expected to run into more bugs than most planes when it began carrying passengers last January.

And troubles there were. Defective air conditioning, blinking cabin lights and long lines in front of the twelve toilets have inconvenienced passengers aboard the jumbo plane. Pilots have had to cope with sticky controls, inadequately lubricated engine instruments and an anti-icing valve that stuck. A

millionth passenger to travel on a 747, Pan American World Airways, which has the largest fleet of the planes has been flying them 64% full but can come out ahead with only a 40% load largely because of the 747. Pan Am turned in a profit in May after eight months of losses. Trans World Airlines calculates that the cost of carrying one passenger for one mile comes to 2.3¢ on the 747, compared with 2.7¢ on the Boeing 707 or Douglas DC-8. The big plane has done so well that some airlines are delaying orders for the forthcoming Lockheed and McDonnell-Douglas "airbuses," which are designed for shorter hauls. It may be that the 747 will do that job as well.

In flight, passengers behave differently on board a jumbo than on a smaller jet. "A gregariousness has set in that we did not reckon on," says Pan Am President Najeeb Halaby. Passengers wander up and down the two aisles, try to help the stewards or invade the first-class flight lounge on the top deck. Of the 15,000 whom Pan Am has polled, about three-quarters praise the 747's spaciousness; the other one-quarter dislike the crowds or occasional delays in baggage handling. Passengers once were tied up for three hours at Rome's major airport after three 747s landed at approximately the same time.

The airlines are not ignoring complaints about crowding when planes fly close to capacity. Pan Am is contemplating discarding the food-service wagons that clog the aisles. Continental Airlines, which began 747 service on the Los Angeles-Honolulu run two weeks ago, reduced its seating capacity from 360 to 335. Using the extra space, it added a tourist-class bar and lounge in the tail.



PASSENGERS IN FLIGHT ABOARD 747

And on unexpected gregariousness

forced evacuation of one plane, because of an engine fire, turned up a flaw in the emergency chute: it peels the panty hose right off women in miniskirts. In addition, the giant Pratt & Whitney engines have been particularly troublesome. The latest difficulty involves bolts that occasionally loosen in flight and permit a small metal plate to fly through the engine, forcing a shutdown. Now when a 747 touches down for a landing, mechanics often use a periscope-like device called a chumberscope to check that the bolts or plates are not loose.

Compared with the records of other new planes, those problems are surprisingly few and are rapidly being solved. John Shaffer, head of the Federal Aviation Administration, estimates that within three weeks the airlines will be "out of the woods" with their 747 engine troubles. Meanwhile, most of the passengers and all the pilots agree that the 747 is an outstanding plane. Above all, it has become a moneymaker.

Next week the airlines will carry the

ACCOUNTING

New Trouble for Mergers

Though the trustbusters are tough, money is tight and stock prices have crashed, the corporate merger movement is far from crippled. There were 2,552 merger announcements in this year's first half, only 9% fewer than during the first six months of 1969. A new obstacle to future mergers, however, has been raised by the top rule-making body of the nation's accounting profession, the Accounting Principles Board.

The 18-man board has adopted some controversial proposals designed to make it difficult for merging companies to show an instant increase in their profits by the stroke of an accountant's pen. The most important reforms apply to a popular method of accounting for merg-

ers known as pooling of interests. In pooling, an acquiring company writes the assets of another firm into its books at their original cost rather than their present value. Many conglomerates have later sold off a portion of such assets at a high price and reported the difference between that and the original cost as a fat profit. To discourage this practice, the rule-makers not only prohibited the use of pooling if merger plans call for disposing of acquired assets within two years, but decided to require special disclosure if assets are in fact sold.

Costs of Goodwill. To the dismay of many acquisition-minded corporations, the accountants also tightened the conditions under which pooling may be used at all. From now on, companies may pool their assets only if the common shareholders of the smaller firm in a merger get at least a 10% holding in the merged company. Nor will merging firms be permitted to pool if the combination involves confusing packages of securities like convertible preferred stocks or warrants.

In mergers ineligible for pooling, companies will be forced to adopt "purchase accounting." The disadvantage of this system is that acquiring companies must often enter part of the cost of acquisition on their books as "goodwill" and write it off over a 40-year period. Because goodwill is not tax deductible, the writeoffs become a direct and sometimes substantial drain on profits.

Season for Scrutiny. The accountants' rulings come close to having the force of law. Any companies that fail to follow the board's changes in "generally accepted accounting principles" must explain their deviations to stock exchanges and government regulatory officials. Although the board's aim was to eliminate abuses that have been much criticized on Wall Street, some accountants are upset over the outcome. Last week Chairman Leonard Spacek of Arthur Andersen & Co. condemned the new pooling rule as "highly discriminatory and completely unacceptable." One effect of the furor is to raise questions about the whole practice of accounting. If accountants themselves disagree over proper ways to keep books, critics complain, how in the world can investors tell whether reported profits are real or illusory? In the financial community, earnings statements face a season of considerable scrutiny.

MIDDLE EAST

Osman the Efficient

The Aswan High Dam, at once Egypt's greatest new economic resource and symbol of national pride, was completed last week after ten years of the most arduous construction work since the pharaohs put up the pyramids. As the dam has risen to 350 ft. above the Nile, so has the reputation of the man who built it: Osman Ahmed Osman, the largest building contractor in the

Arab world. In a region not exactly noted for efficiency, the burly, 52-year-old Osman has achieved a reputation that would be enviable anywhere for completing complex projects on time and within cost estimates.

To land the job for the Aswan's first stage, Osman underbid his only competitor by nearly one half. Millions of tons of granite had to be moved in 140° heat, and Osman found his biggest problem to be the Soviet equipment, which had been accepted by Gamal Abdel Nasser as a condition of Russian aid. Soviet power shovels and drills could not cope with the granite, and trucks broke down in the heat. Osman convinced Nasser that only Swedish, British and Japanese equipment would get the \$920 million job

when, in a record 60 days, he rebuilt a village that had been destroyed by British troops in retaliation for guerrilla attacks. Expanding outside Egypt, he put up an airport in Saudi Arabia and the new Parliament building in Kuwait. Nasser nationalized Osman's Cairo-based company nine years ago, but guaranteed him a free managerial hand and full ownership of five subsidiaries in other Arab lands. By abstaining from the under-the-table deals customary in the Middle East, Osman has prospered despite shifting Arab rivalries.

Bonuses for Productivity. As an Arab, Osman naturally has an edge over outside bidders. He has also taken to heart modern methods of cost accounting. Because he built Aswan and has never had a major cost overrun, he dominates



OSMAN



ASWAN DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Simple matter of morale and money.

done on time. His project was completed on schedule, and now the turbines below the dam can generate 500 megawatts, or one half of Egypt's power production.

Abstinence Helps. The laborers whom Osman trained at Aswan have lately been dispersed in half a dozen Arab countries to work on more than \$400 million worth of construction. His men are constructing a pair of bridges at Cairo, digging irrigation canals in Iraq, and building a stadium and sewage system in Libya. A 1,000,000-acre land-reclamation project in the salt marshes near Port Said has been held up by Israeli shelling.

Since business success stories in Egypt are rare, Osman has become something of a hero. Trained in engineering at the University of Cairo, he got his start in 1946 by borrowing supplies from shopkeepers in his home town of Ismailia to build a one-car garage. Profit \$15. He went on to construct schools and gained national attention in 1952.

the field for Egyptian construction contracts, most of them military. He employs no subcontractors, passing on the savings to his employees in productivity bonuses that sometimes amount to two or three times their wages. That way, he always has a reserve of trained labor on call. "I have three basic points in every project," he says. "In order of importance they are morale, organization and money. There are no problems I won't solve to keep a man happy on the job. If he is happy, he is a better worker."

Osman himself is paid \$40,000 a year by the government, and collects the profits on his subsidiary operations outside Egypt. Since those earnings are not taxed in Egypt, he can afford to undertake projects at home practically at cost. Nasser has been wise to leave Osman's subsidiaries alone. Including the wages that Osman's largely Egyptian work force sends home, his operations over the years have earned an estimated \$100 million in foreign exchange.

In 1909, we started teaching people how to do more about disease than die from it.



At the turn of the century, an appalling number of people died from diseases which, even then, were either preventable or curable.

Since many of them were insured by Metropolitan Life, we had a chance to study their death certificates. Which led us to discover something even more appalling—the number who died without a doctor in attendance.

So we started a visiting

nurse service for our policy-holders and their families, to fight the spread of disease with the spread of medical knowledge.

By 1952, we'd made over 100 million house calls.

By 1953, Visiting Nurse Associations had taken over from us in the field of nursing. Leaving us free to tackle other problems in the field of health.

This year, for example, we're working with a large med-

ical center to investigate ways of holding down the cost of medical care, without cutting down the personal attention a doctor gives his patients.

As a life insurance company, we want people to live. And as human beings, we want even more for them to live in health.

 **Metropolitan Life**

We sell life insurance.
But our business is life.

PERSONALITIES

Flamboyant Pierre

Take two parts of insight and three parts of gall. Combine with chunks of meaty research, season with flammable forecasts and serve sizzling on a sharpened verbal skewer. The recipe describes the concoctions of Economist Pierre Rinfret, 46, the engaging, bumptious and increasingly conspicuous purveyor of advice to corporations, investment bankers, Presidents and other politicians.

Rinfret is part Puck, part Polonius. The blend is instantly apparent when his chubby face rumping into a smile, he admits that he is more than a bit controversial. "When Pierre stands up to speak, they say, 'There he goes again, that publicity seeker, that headline hunter.' Perhaps Pierre is flamboyant, perhaps he does make headlines. They forget that Pierre does his homework too, and a lot of the time he's more right than the little gray men."

No Recession? Economist Rinfret wants to be taken seriously, and he often is. Part of his record, at least, merits respect. He correctly forecast a business downturn in 1961, a superboom following the 1964 tax cuts, and a great leap in defense spending after the 1966 escalation of the Viet Nam War. He has been right for the past two years in anticipating severe inflation, tight money and record-high interest rates. Many cash-shy corporations, he warned, could not stop borrowing, no matter how costly it became. On the other hand, he failed to foresee that industrial production would decline late last year and much of this year so far. Last December, he started a Manhattan conference of businessmen with the attention-grabbing prophecy: "There ain't gonna be no recession."

Ruefully, Rinfret concedes: "That got me a lot of bad publicity." Even so, he still defends that forecast as technically accurate, because classic recessions have involved, for example, sharper rises in unemployment and declines in production than the U.S. has experienced. But of late he has vacillated. "The only way to solve inflation is by a recession," he wrote two months ago, "and that is the way we seem to be heading." After President Nixon's latest speech on the economy, Rinfret again changed his mind. "It was a turning point in economic policy," he says. "The odds modestly favor an upturn in the second half of the year. Both fiscal and monetary policy have shifted from restraint to expansion." As Rinfret sees it, the Administration was forced to stop using these two main weapons against inflation in order to avoid a financial panic. Now he adds: "The only way left to fight inflation is with controls. Don't be surprised if the next move is direct intervention in the economy."

Into the Public Eye. Born in Montreal, Rinfret attended Maine and New York universities, won a Ph.D. in political economics from France's Uni-

versity of Dijon. In 1951, he joined the Manhattan consulting firm of Lionel D. Edie as a \$5,750-a-year junior economist, rose to chairman in 1964. He began to move into the public eye after President Johnson, searching for ways to defend his own policies in 1964, quoted one of Rinfret's bullish surveys of industry plans for expansion as evidence that the economy was then turning up. Johnson stumbled over the pronunciation of Rinfret's name (it is Renfrey), but the economist shrewdly used the incident to promote himself as an expert quoted by the President.

In 1966, Rinfret quit Edie to form the Manhattan-based firm of Rinfret-Boston Associates (so named because 60% of its stock is owned by The Boston Co., a holding company). Pretax



ECONOMIST RINFRET
Part Puck, part Polonius.

profits climbed to \$192,000 last year, and this year Rinfret expects to earn at least \$452,000 from revenues of \$1,480,000. For \$10,000 a year, clients get hundreds of newsletter-like reports, pastel-colored for higher visibility on crowded executive desks. Some clients part with \$50,000 annually for such extra attention as two personal meetings with Rinfret and unlimited access to the research of his 29-member staff. Rinfret even issues his wisdom in tape cassettes; they erase the message as they are played so that customers cannot pass them along to non-paying friends.

Playing It Unsafely. Rinfret was a campaign adviser to Richard Nixon, and he remains on good terms with the President even though he has been outspokenly critical of Nixon's economic performance. Once he went so far as to write, "We accuse the Administration of incompetence." Nevertheless, Rinfret was one of the five outside economists whom Nixon called to a White House meeting in May for advice.

Though most scholarly economists dismiss Rinfret as an airy maverick with a gift for pungent phrases, some rivals take a more tolerant view. Says a former member of the President's Council of Economic Advisors: "He has one supreme virtue. He makes you think, because he is provocative. The men who qualify every statement may rack up a better forecasting record, but that's because they play it safe." Not even his detractors accuse promotion-minded Pierre Rinfret of playing it safe.

MUTUAL FUNDS

Cornfeld Dumped

Bernard Cornfeld, former social worker and founder of the world's largest mutual fund complex, last week joined the army of the unemployed. Shareholders of his Geneva-based Investors Overseas Services, Ltd. gathered at the annual meeting in Toronto to elect a chairman and directors, and Cornfeld failed to attract enough votes for a seat on the board. The new chairman is Sir Eric Wyndham White, 57, who has acted in that role since Cornfeld was ousted as chief last May.

Speaking in an unruffled monotone, Sir Eric chaired the six-hour Toronto meeting. "We do not seek and we do not need rescuing," he said. Then he added quickly that I.O.S. would be more than willing to take in some partners if they offered managerial assistance and short-term capital "to tide us over any temporary cash shortage in the immediate future."

Wyndham White stressed that I.O.S. is not insolvent but was simply faced with an inopportune cash shortage caused by too optimistic overexpansion. He assured stockholders that—"by re-formulation, restructuring and streamlining"—new management would cut I.O.S.'s inflated operating expenses by 50% by the end of the year. He also maintained that I.O.S. had not done badly at all in the context of the entire mutual fund industry. "I should point out," said Wyndham White, "that from November 1968 to the end of May 1970 the drop in the total assets of U.S. mutual funds was 28%, while the decline for I.O.S. was only 19%."

What I.O.S. needs most is to win back the faith of bankers and investors, and Wyndham White could be the man to do it. Knighted two years ago for distinguished service in international affairs, he was first secretary of the British embassy in Washington during World War II. From 1948 to 1968 he was with the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), serving the last three years as its director general. Then Cornfeld recruited him as a celebrity to bolster I.O.S.'s prestige. Now, said Wyndham White, Cornfeld has "receded into the position of a minority shareholder." Though Cornfeld is still I.O.S.'s largest single shareholder, with 15% of the voting power, he has made no immediate plans for a comeback.

CINEMA

Abstinence on the Trail

Shirley MacLaine's screen career suffers from pillow to lamppost. She specializes in playing lovable, indomitable whores (*Some Came Running*, *Irma La Douce*, *Sweet Charity*), a role she shays through once again in *Two Mules for Sister Sara*. In this one, Shirley is supposed to be a nun but the fact that she is a hooker in disguise comes as more of a surprise to Co-Star Clint Eastwood than it does to the audience.

Eastwood is an 1865 soldier of fortune who pauses on his way through Mexico to help a nun escape the clutches of some



EASTWOOD & MACLAINE IN 'MULES'
Getting to be a habit.

typically greasy and grinning desperadoes. The nun tags along with the adventurer, and her presence causes him considerable discomfort. He ogles her across the campfire every night and takes heavy pulls on his bottle of whisky to still his mighty but unrighteous lust. Screenwriter Albert Maltz would probably call this comic irony. After too many of these interludes, Eastwood delivers dynamite to some rebels and joins them in an attack on a fortress, during which the nun reveals herself as a true camp follower ("Well, I'll be a . . ."). MacLaine quickly shucks her habit, and Eastwood, after vanquishing the enemy, joins her in a hot tub, longing to make up for those nights of abstinence on the trail.

Director Don Siegel has made some good, lean, tough films in his time (*Riot in Cell Block 11*, *Madigan*, *Coogan's Bluff*), and the violence in *Two Mules for Sister Sara* is typically visceral. Siegel's talents, however, are weighed down by a heavy script and unwieldy performances by the two stars. Eastwood looks grizzled stares into the sun and sneers, but

anything more demanding seems beyond his grasp. Shirley MacLaine, on the other hand, has considerable range and some charm, both of which have been pretty well blunted by the monotonous consistency of her roles. Things do not bode well for the future either. Next year she will be making a television series for the 1971-72 season which is like going from confinement to prison.

■ Jay Cocks

Fast Company

Salvation, damnation, libertinism, slavery, sexuality, death. To D.H. Lawrence life was a series of primal contests, a mirror image of the Victorian ideal. Reason lay on one side, passion beckoned on the other, and woe betide the maiden who chose the wrong path. Lawrence, of course, was the advocate of passion. "The tragedy," he warned, "is when you've got sex in your head, instead of down where it belongs."

No story—and no film—better reveals Lawrence's moral absolutism than *The Virgin and the Gypsy*. Between its narrow boundaries is sown the seed of the Lawrencean canon—the familial conventions, the social hypocrisies, the annealing force of sex. The time is the '20s and the maiden is Yvette (Joanna Shimkus), who steps backward from French finishing school to her father's claustrophobic vicarage in northern England. The old authorities are reassured, and Yvette is briefly cowed by her hectoring, rectoring father (Maurice Denham) and his priggish relatives. But there is a new spirit in the air, symbolized by soul-quickening jazz, bobbed hair and notions of the emancipated woman. Yvette soon tastes the salt in her blood and begins to seek the fast company of Mrs. Fawcett (Horace Blackman) and her lover, Major Eastwood (Mark Burns). Even more liberating is the anonymous brooding gypsy (Franco Nero), a prototype of Lawrence's glanded gentry.

When a virgin and a gypsy meet in fiction one of them is due for alteration. Observing the classic literary conventions, Director Christopher Miles causes a dam to break during the sexual crescendo. At the finale, Yvette turns a smoothly tapered back on her family, climbs into Mrs. Fawcett's roadster and motors into the 20th century.

Saucious Song. Lawrence's work at ways rides perilously close to cheapness. In less discreet hands, *The Virgin and the Gypsy* could have been as overripe as *Women in Love* (TIME, April 13) or as sensation-seeking as *The Fox*. But at 31, Miles knows everything worth knowing about actors, if not about film. His water and fire symbols and andante flashbacks are modish and imprecise, but he makes his cast function with the proficiency and timing of a London rep company. With an accretion of under-

statements, Miles builds the universal tragedy of a family whose past consumes its future, that finds it far harder to acknowledge mistakes than to perpetuate them. His slow evocation of a vanished England is evident in the smallest vignette. For example the town milquetoast (Norman Bird) appears at a charity show, blazes to life for one saucious song, then returns—almost with relief—to his eunuch role.

The best of an exemplary cast, Joanna Shimkus abruptly leaves behind a parade of elongated walk-ons (*The Lost Man, Boom!*) to become an authentic actress. Almost any beautiful woman could perform the film's love scenes, but few could engage so well in the skirmishes. Yvette's monstrous maiden Aunt Cissie



NERO & SHIMKUS IN 'VIRGIN'
Sowing seeds of the canon

(Kav Walsh) is a frightening reminder of the hysterical women who were Freud's first patients. Against her, a lesser woman would be consumed, but Shimkus makes Yvette an individual of greater and more durable passion. She rides time like a ship, youth, philosophy, the century itself are the winds at her back. When she prevails, it is because of balance and conviction.

Ancient History. One of the articles of contemporary belief holds that the novel is perishing, that film alone is fresh and relevant. In fact, the new permissiveness in cinema is ancient history to the novelist. Long ago, Proust annihilated time, Joyce pulverized linear storytelling, and Lawrence shouted down the censors and proclaimed sexual freedom. Film is a lens that magnifies the artist as well as his material. Opulent new methods cannot conceal meanness of imagination. Deliberate scene-by-scene narrative cannot disturb the talent of a novelist whose work is done and a film maker whose career has scarcely begun.

■ Stefan Kanfer

"The greatest pleasure in life
is that of reading while we are young"
William Hazlitt

Rand McNally



publishers
book manufacturers
mapmakers

photograph by Eve and Louis Mallette



BOOKS

Overripeness Is All

TWO SISTERS by Gore Vidal 256 pages Little, Brown \$5.95

On its handsome jacket, *Two Sisters* is called "A Novel in the Form of a Memoir." Inside, however, a subtle asserts that the book is "A Memoir in the Form of a Novel." Either one will do, although readers who know something about the author's life and works may prefer the second. Outwardly combining a tale of two status-seeking females in ancient Greece with what appear to be recollections from his own life, Vidal contrives to use himself both as narrator and fictional character.

Two Sisters is frequently open, particularly about bisexuality and Vidal's by now familiar and overexpressed cynicism. Some parts are guarded and smirky for the lucky few. For example, not many readers will link the name of the real lady (N.A. Steers) to whom the book is dedicated with a later reference to "the heroine of a droll revision of the Cinderella story" whose step-sisters Vidal describes as "the two most successful adventurers of our time."

Vidal has every right to pay his personal respects, as well as to insinuate long-standing feuds into his book. Yet the thin veil of fiction that he swirls so adeptly around the pale data of his life is disappointing. It will seem particularly so to those who fell for Myra Breckinridge's critical dictum that "the only useful form left to literature in the post-Gutenberg age is the memoir, the absolute truth, coped precisely from life preferably at the moment it is happening."

Though Vidal's Myra is one of the most amusing idealists in American fiction, the absolute obviously does not exist in literary or any other form. But the relative truth about *Two Sisters* is that it is mainly a put-on of the *roman à clef*, a teasing mix of characters that do and do not resemble real people. As always, what Vidal puts on is stylishly cut. Basically there is the "now" of his own voice and the "then" of the book's principal fictional creation, a journal written by Eric Van Dam, who was killed and incinerated when he fell off a roof while filming a fiery riot.

Eric is the startlingly handsome twin brother of startlingly beautiful Erika,

and the father of her child after a love affair of many years. The Vidal of the novel-in-the-form-of-a-memoir—or vice versa—had sex with Erika too. He was also attracted to Eric, though they never quite made it to bed. In addition there is Marietta Donegal, an aging mystical novelist who was once lover to both men. The incest angle is best read as a subhilarious send-up of *Ada*, Vladimir Nabokov's incestuous riddle of time and memory. For starters there is Van Dam and Nabokov's Van Veen.

The centrally placed conceit of *Two Sisters* is somewhat trickier. It is Eric's film script, *The Two Sisters of Ephesus*



GORE VIDAL

Yet another opportunity for the oct.

It is included in its entirety along with Eric's journal entries describing his dealings with a naivety comic but triumphantly obscene caricature of a fly-by-night movie producer named Morris Morris.

Eric's script is ostensibly about Helena and Artamia, two gorgeous siblings who squirm their way to royal fame and power in the Persian-dominated Greek cities of the 4th century B.C. Morris Morris sees them mainly as Lana and Ava in a huge marble bathtub, but Eric shifts the film's focus to the sisters' half brother, Herodotus. Betrayed to the Persians as a Greek rebel by Helena, who is also his lover, Herodotus dashes both sisters' dreams of immortal fame by burning the spectacular Temple of Diana. In one rash act he has overshadowed his conniving sisters and secured for himself a notable historic role as an arsonist.

Contemplating the script and his relationship to Eric and Erika gives Vidal yet another opportunity to do his *Ep-*

curus act pleasure seen as the beginning and end of the good life, death seen as nothing more than the beginning of a blessed reduction into soulless, primordial atoms. He observes that power is customarily pursued for its own sake and dismisses idealism from political behavior. Wearily he views America as a violent uncivilized land full of literal minded people with no sense of paradox. Its writers are inferior to those of Europe, ditto its food, and its attitude toward labor is infantile. On and on Vidal goes, repeating much of the same material he has so often used in magazine articles and on TV talk shows. *Two Sisters* is ingenious, and its prose is as elegant as any he has written today. But, after a while, even those who are sympathetic with Vidal's various disenchantments may begin to wonder why he has bothered to fatten them again on this parodic carcass of a novel.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Fastmouth in Babylon

CIRCLE OF WOMEN by Drury L. Pifer 335 pages Doubleday \$5.95

Sometimes Novelist Pifer sneaks dances at his metaphors like a new-hatched press agent admiring his first pair of \$60 shoes. But this boyishness is not offensive; he can write almost as well as he thinks he can.

Pifer's literary fancy is a ring of courtesans organized by a shadowy group of sinners to pry cashable secrets out of the military-industrial complex. His hero is a plausible young fastmouth, Tom Habbakuk—named somewhat pretentiously after a 7th century B.C. minor prophet—who has been recruited to shill for the vestals as the girls are called. He turns out to be very good at his job.

Pifer puts it this way: "When morning comes with the soldiers abed and tangled in a heap, the bathtub gin drained, leaving only a rosy residue of secretaries in half-sleeps, when the muddy colonel in the geranium bush is dragged indoors by dawn's first Negro to sleep it off in the vestibule under a smashed grandfather clock, when first brightness crashes through ripped drapes into the dehydrated eyes of snored politicos lobbyists in underpants, Pentagon sources and the secret police, when the hands that guide our collective destiny reach to kill the screams of the alarm clock and grope for the girl (already fled), at that hour, Habbakuk is pushing aside the rind of his grapefruit, sipping the dregs of his coffee, and rereading the telegram that sends him flying to New York by cocktail time, where he must perform plug in his connections, drop his names, jiggle through a dance or two till he's in a position to float Valerie Corday onstage and steal away, leaving her twirling and whirling in a canned atmosphere of chatter and light."

Through all of this lush verbal growth, doubt comes creeping toward the read-

Nina Auchincloss Steers is the stepsister of Jacqueline Onassis and Lee Radziwill. She is also Vidal's half-sister.

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gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray

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er. What Pifer is up to is no mere suspense story. Somewhat in the manner of Richard Condon, he intends a demolishing burlesque of the big-buck sector of U.S. society. Some of his touches are good. He knows, for instance, the precise frequencies at which high-salaried underlings twitch in the presence of heavy money. He can show two flacks of opposed allegiance snickering at each other with unsheathed falsehoods, and trace the exact grimace of the loser.

Yet much is wrong, even with Pifer's attack. An early clue is that a good deal of the author's satire of American manners has the unmistakable staleness of frozen dogma. "The American businessman who takes his wife to dinner is in trouble if he's in Europe. He can't follow the conversation. Rodin, Caravaggio, Proudhon, who the hell are they?" This is like mocking the tail fins on American cars. It would be entirely possible to write a damaging satire of U.S. businessmen in Europe, but they don't have tail fins any more, and their wives serve up Caravaggio's chiaroscuro on Triscuits.

■ John Shaw

Shooting the Moon

JOURNEY TO TRANQUILITY by Hugo Young, Bryan Silcock, Peter Dunn. 302 pages. Doubleday \$7.95

THE MAKING OF AN EX ASTRONAUT by Brian O'Leary. 243 pages. Houghton Mifflin \$5.95

In the earthly scheme of things, success answers questions. Failure—even of the triumphant kind—poses them. The peril of Apollo 13 accordingly has raised all the old backed-up doubts: Is the American space program worth the cost? Has it been capably and carefully administered? Has its emphasis on manned lunar landings been correct?

Just Nuts. Among space scientists themselves there is a frequent complaint that costs of the Apollo program have eliminated—or crucially postponed—more important space projects. Leading members of the scientific community in general have argued for years that the space effort was an indulgence that should be placed low on any list of scientific priorities.

Dr. Warren Weaver, science consultant to the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, has estimated that the billions earmarked for Apollo could be redistributed to provide "a 10% raise in salary, over a ten-year period, for every teacher in the United States, from kindergarten through universities (about \$9.8 billion required); \$10 million each to 200 of the better smaller colleges (\$2 billion required), seven-year fellowships (freshman through Ph.D.) at \$4,000 per person per year for 50,000 new scientists and engineers (\$1.4 billion required); contributions of \$200 million each toward the creation of ten new medical schools (\$2 billion required)." Former President Eisenhower was more succinct: "To spend

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GEORGE HALLIN, COURTESY OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



BRIAN O'LEARY
Scandalously meager results.

\$40 billion to reach the moon," he said in 1963, "is just nuts."

According to the authors of *Journey to Tranquillity*, it was neither the desire for scientific achievement nor hope of economic gain that mainly propelled America's man-on-the-moon program. Instead, this British trio of *Sunday Times*men argues, the program evolved pragmatically from the cold war. The builders and launchers, the technicians and crews of the Apollo missions have always been "soldiers in an age when technology has become warfare by other means. Americans did not go to the moon for mankind. They went for America."

Though that fact is hardly news, the three authors' detailed, provocative and thoroughly partisan review of the space program should command attention, particularly as the U.S. takes its bearings again in the wake of the near tragedy that befell Apollo 13 and the recent inquiry assigning blame for it to U.S. industry and NASA alike. For its humor and irreverence, Brian O'Leary's tale of what it is like to be an astronaut drop-out is also worthy of note.

Pilot Syndrome. O'Leary was an unlikely candidate from the start. He was a civilian. He was myopic ("Astronauts don't wear glasses, and there I was wearing glasses"). His personality smacked more of Berkeley than of Houston. Nevertheless, at 27, a Ph.D. in astronomy and a skilled mountain climber, he was selected as a member of the sixth space-training program, the second group of scientist-astronauts. He resigned after seven months' intensive training because, he decided, he wanted to go to the moon, not spend his time training to fly T-38 jets.

O'Leary's basic complaint is that the astronaut program is considerably more operational than scientific because of

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Max Adler's dream was realized when he heard of a device called a planetarium projector recently created by the famous Zeiss optical works in Jena, Germany, the first of which had been put on display at the Deutschen Museum in Munich in 1923.

The new instrument created an artificial sky showing the stars, the sun, the moon, and all visible celestial objects by projected images. This enabled the viewer to see the sky as it looked at any given moment, on the clearest night, from anywhere on the face of the planet. It could take you back thousands of years or look ahead thousands of years.

A man of action as well as vision, Max Adler lost no time getting to Munich to see this new projector.

A few years later, on May 12, 1930, the Adler Planetarium opened on Chicago's lakefront—the first institution in the western hemisphere to use the new projection system for popular exposition of astronomy. The building with the Zeiss projector and a superb collection of antique astronomical instruments were the gift of Max Adler to the people of Chicago, to be operated by the Chicago Park District.

Over the past 40 years, this unique twelve-sided edifice of rainbow granite with its copper dome has been a familiar part of the Chicago skyline.

With an attendance of more than 500,000 a year, more than 20 million people have visited it.

But times have changed. Since 1930, astronomy and space exploration have leaped into new dimensions of interest. It became evident that plans for modernization of the Adler Planetarium had to be developed.

In March, 1968, the Mayor's Committee on the Adler Planetarium rec-

ommended a program to "bring this institution to pre-eminence in the Space Age."

The first recommendation was for a new director and Dr. Joseph M. Chamberlin, former director of the American Museum—Hayden Planetarium in New York City was appointed.

A second recommendation urged incorporation of a Board of Trustees with membership including civic leaders, scientists, educators. This, too, was promptly acted upon.

Beyond this, the plan called for a completely new facility, to be known as the Astro-Science Center, to be built under the present building, thereby preserving the exterior setting and character of the existing building and landscape.

The unique feature of the new building is the Universe Theatre with facilities for all types of modern projection techniques. Program emphasis will be on demonstrations of astronomy and space science, representing knowledge accumulated in recent decades concerning the Milky Way Galaxy, other galaxies, and the earth itself as viewed from afar. Visitors will enjoy both the Sky Theatre with its Zeiss projector and the new Universe Theatre in a coordinated program.

The Astro-Science Center, on which work is scheduled to start in 1971, will include a vast new space-age exhibition arcade, four classrooms, a library planned for high school students, a "Crater on the Moon" restaurant, a representation of an Apollo moon landing, a book store, and office and work space.



Space goes underground—The new Planetarium will look just as it has for 40 years, with the same architectural integrity and landscaping charm. The expansion will be underground, with a street-level entrance.

As part of the plan, a new planetarium projector, a West German Zeiss Mark VI, has already been installed. The cost of this instrument and the renovation and refurbishing of the Sky Theatre have been defrayed by the Chicago Park District for a sum in excess of \$300,000.

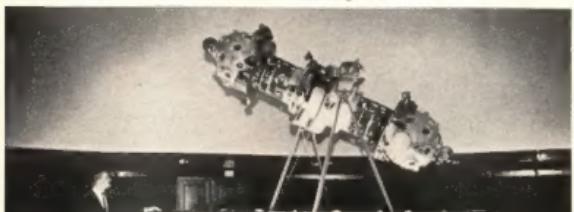
The Zeiss instrument, which went into operation on March 1, is already adding new realism to the viewing of the sky.

The Astro-Science Center is to be constructed with funds raised by the Private Board of Trustees and matched by the Chicago Park District. Capital funds of approximately \$3,600,000 are needed for full realization of the plans. Contributions are solicited, and a number of facilities in the new Center present suitable memorial opportunities for individuals, corporations, and foundations.

Memberships in the Planetarium for individuals, families, and corporations are available on an annual or lifetime basis. Courses in astronomy, navigation, and telescope mirror making are offered each fall, winter, and spring in ten-week terms. Special programs are available for elementary schools, high schools, and colleges, with the content of the programs related to the school curriculum. Reservations for these programs are essential.

Brochures concerning membership, adult course programs, school programs, the regular public Sky Show and the current Astro-Science Center campaign are available on request to:

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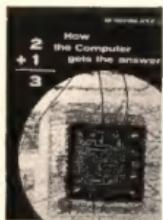
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the U.S. test-pilot syndrome. He paints a wry picture of the scientist-astronaut suffering second-class citizenship at the Manned Spacecraft Center. It is true that, while the Russians have already sent astronauts who are predominantly scientists aloft, no American scientist-astronaut has yet been assigned to a space mission.

Curious Drive. According to O'Leary, the Apollo moon harvest has been badly handled scientifically and has produced scandalously meager results. Yet as a scientist, O'Leary still champions a space program. "Space," he asserts, "is as cheap as six weeks' fighting in Viet Nam, cheaper than deploying a useless anti-ballistic missile system, and [it consumes] less than 5% of the present annual defense budget."

There have been important economic and technological byproducts of the space program, but in the long run there is perhaps no entirely rational way in which to assess it. Such a project can only be viewed and approved—if approved at all—in inspirational terms. "The real reason for undertaking the space program," says one Apollo defender, Physician Harold Urey, who is quoted in *Journey to Tranquillity*, "is an innate characteristic of human beings, namely, some curious drive to try to do what might be thought to be impossible—to try to excel in one way or another." Urey compares such drives to the devotion that led to the building of the Parthenon and St. Peter's, which represented real sacrifice for many people. The space program, Urey concluded, "is our cathedral." The authors give Urey his due, but they point out that the Parthenon and St. Peter's have for centuries offered the world a certain beauty and utility. The young moon program still has far to go.

■ *Josh Greenfeld*

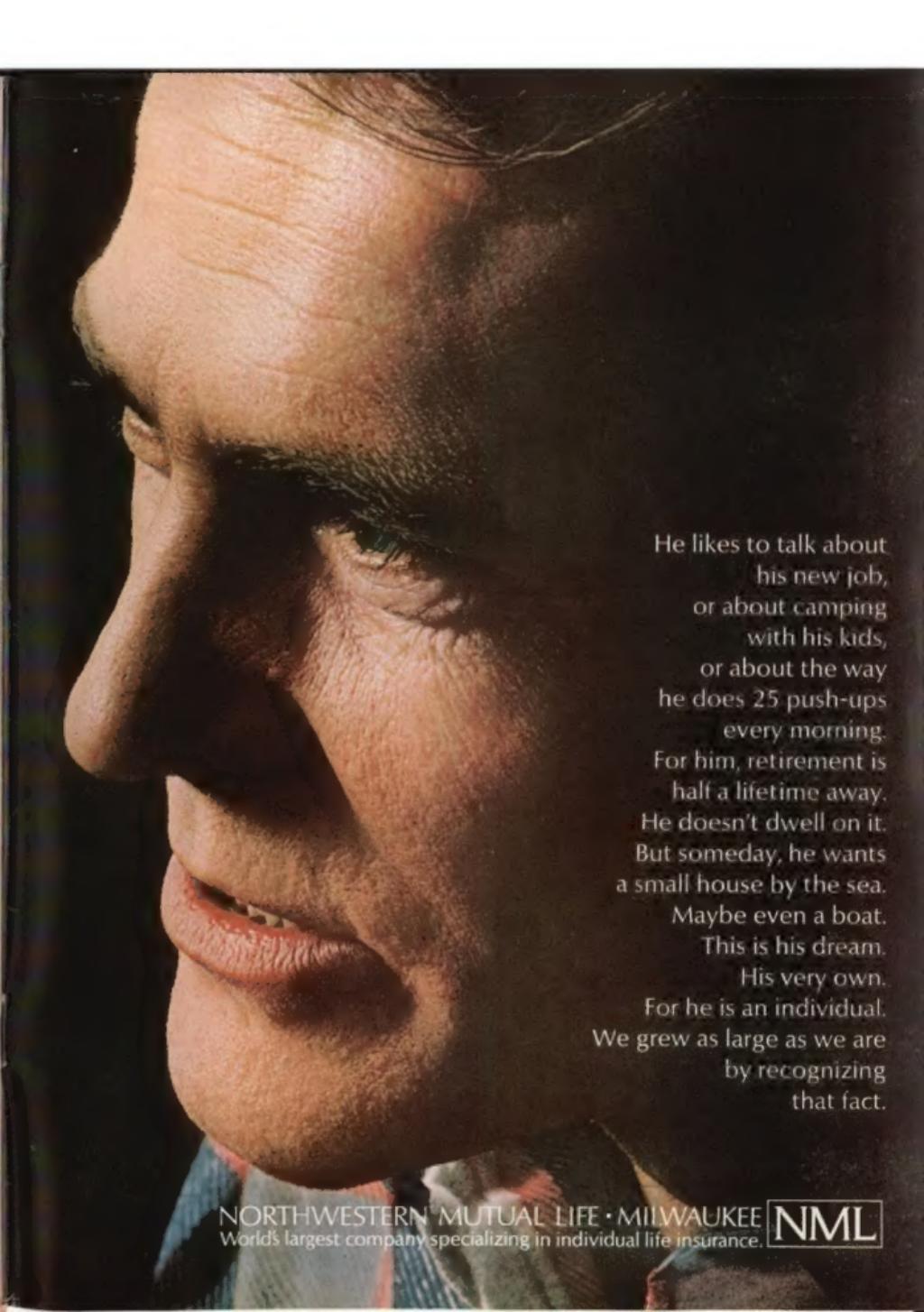
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Love Story*, Segal (1 last week)
2. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (2)
3. *Great Lion of God*, Caldwell (4)
4. *Deliverance*, Dickey (3)
5. *Calico Palace*, Bristow (6)
6. *Losing Battles*, Welty (5)
7. *The Crystal Palace*, Stewart (9)
8. *Travels With My Aunt*, Greene (7)
9. *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, Breslin (10)
10. *A Beggar in Jerusalem*, Wiesel

NONFICTION

1. *Up the Organization*, Townsend (2)
2. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, Reuben (1)
3. *The Sensuous Woman*, "I" (3)
4. *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, Masters and Johnson (4)
5. *Zelda*, Milford (6)
6. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser (5)
7. *Operation Overflight*, Powers (10)
8. *Hard Times*, Terkel (9)
9. *The New English Bible* (8)
10. *The American Heritage Dictionary* (7)



He likes to talk about
his new job,
or about camping
with his kids,
or about the way
he does 25 push-ups
every morning.
For him, retirement is
half a lifetime away.
He doesn't dwell on it.
But someday, he wants
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